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SAN DIEGO

by

Douglas Warren

A Daughter of Two Nations



“She touched her beautiful gown.” Page 293.

A Daughter of Two Nations

BY

ELLA GALE McCLELLAND



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CHAPTER I

“Olde Ffriendses wyth newe faces” met as they neared the Tower of London, and looked about for a finger-post to direct them to St. Catherine’s Docks, and there it was in plain sight, standing within a few yards of the Tower.

Beneath it stood the vender of a nameless toy—a dried pea, loose in a pill-box, which was fastened to a horse-hair and, on being violently twirled, sent forth a vibratory hum, which, with her shrieking voice, crying, “Only a ‘a’-penny,” seemed to vie with the dirge-like sound from a weather-beaten sign-board, swaying back and forth on its rusty hinges. A maid with her basket was calling “New-laid eggs; eight a groat—crack ‘em and try ‘em,” and her rival in beauty smiled

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into the faces of the passers-by, "Buy sweet lavender?" and an old woman, carrying a sample of her wares, in quavering voice asked, "Have a fork or a fire-shovel?"

But those who stood together around the gang-plank heeded not the London cries on that morning. The faces of the emigrants were pinched and drawn with the unmistakable stamp of unrest. Children clung to the skirts of their mothers, while the mothers in turn held firmer the children pressed to their breasts, as they noted the deepening fog on the land and over the Thames. The growing gloom of the stalwart men at their sides, was plain to be seen. They were struggling to conceal the tumult of their thoughts, while whispered words were exchanged with those they were leaving behind.

A young Quakeress, who had stood apart from the rest, followed her father up the gang-plank. She seemed to be the last passenger, when, at an angle of the wharf, a man, leading a little girl, ap-

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peared. The curious bystanders and weeping friends fell back; his stately mien bespoke the high-born. Only the vender with the wooden leg and high hat ventured near. To his obsequious "Young lambs to sell; two for a penny," the new-comer did not deign a glance, but dragged his companion along. She wished to linger and look at the toy animal, with its fleece made of white cotton wool and spangled with Dutch gilt. The pink ribbon, that adorned its neck, caused the black spots, serving as eyes, to stand out in bold relief, until they seemed to follow the child, as she looked back at the grinning cripple and said, "I want one, papa."

The only response she received was a sudden and impatient jerk at her arm, which caused her to stumble, while the man, as he held her up, exclaimed in French, "Can you not stand?" He increased his already rapid strides in his haste to reach the ship, and the little one ran to keep up with him.

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As the two boarded the vessel, all connection with the dock was cut off, and, from the cries and lamentations of those on ship and ashore, the man hurried away. As he entered the cabin, he was brought face to face with the young Quakeress. The child at once attracted her notice, and the young woman looked earnestly into the face that was flushed from running, and into the large dark eyes that glistened with unshed tears. The Quakeress was magnetically made aware of the penetrating gaze of the man. The hot blood mounted to her temples at what she considered the Frenchman's insolence, and she turned abruptly away.

Drawing a sort of military hat well over his eyes, the man sat down, and told the child to do likewise. His gaze followed the wearer of the gray garb, as she and her father conversed earnestly.

The little girl seemed forgotten by all, as she sat perched up on a chair, that seemed too high for her; and she swung

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one little foot. With the toe of the other she now, and then, pushed herself back on her chair. Soft curls clung to her brow, still damp from the late exercise. She occasionally bit the corners of her under lip, betraying nervousness. When the cape she wore fell back, it disclosed a part of the little dress skirt in her chubby hand, that held it firmly. With the other she balanced herself every time her toe was pressed to the floor. A bewildered expression, almost a frightened one, rested on her face. She was intently watching the strangers, and her earnestness made her appear thoughtful beyond her years.

To those who noticed the dark man whom she addressed as papa, he seemed indifferent to everything, so wrapped was he in thought.

A splashing of water, a motion of the ship, a last, long farewell from those on board, and the "Annè and Elizabeth" set sail for America.

The day proved one of calm, peaceful

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sailing, but the night grew black and tempestuous. The ship seemed tossed about on the angry billows all through the long hours, and daylight afforded but slight relief to the anxious passengers. The Quakers were the first to take their seats at the table. The daughter's remark to her father, that she did not regret that the light of day had come, found an echoing response in the dark stranger's mind, as he heard it. He was their only companion at the early breakfast, and the woman noticed that his consisted of a cup of coffee. As he left his chair, the Quaker's glance followed him.

"The child must be ill; dost thou not think so, Martha?"

"Wouldst thou ask the man?"

"I have no wish to meddle. His bearing is that of an aristocrat. Didst thou notice the ugly birth-mark just under his chin?"

"Yes, father; and I thought I observed a slight suspicion of it on the child."

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“Didst thou? Well, nature is remarkable in its transmissions. I presume she is his, though she favors him but little, aside from the birth-mark, which is conclusive evidence to my mind.”

Others now began to crawl, rather than walk, from their bunks, and the Quaker and his daughter relapsed into silence. Fiercer and fiercer grew the storm, and fear now blanched the faces of nearly all on board. As the day advanced, the wind seemed to increase in its velocity, and the commander did what he could to encourage and sympathize with the panic-stricken. Strong men could not keep their feet; and women and children became too ill to care for life, or what was going on around them. In the gathering gloom of twilight, the dark stranger approached the Quakeress. She felt his presence rather than saw him, as she sat on deck, heedless of the raging billows. The rain had ceased, but the elements appeared to be striving to do their worst.

Addressing her, the man said, “My

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child is very ill. Will you go to her? I have done my best. She seems to be sinking from this seasickness." Rising, the woman moved away. He supposed, at first, it was to avoid him, as she did not reply, but a moment later he saw her stop before the Quaker. Divining that it was her father, and that she sought his advice, he, too, drew near to the old man.

"Thou wouldst have my daughter go to thine; lead the way." With these few words of acquiescence to his request, the three left the deck. They found the little girl unconscious. Still silent, the Quakeress went out, and speedily returned with a medicine case.

"Wilt thou consent to my treatment of the child?" she asked, addressing the stranger.

"Do what you will; I am powerless."

The old Quaker took his seat not far from the child, around whom were gathered the actors to a strange drama. The dark man leaned against the side of the ship for support, as it tossed and rolled

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on the rough sea, and watched the young nurse. Her soft touch seemed to have magic in it; the little breast rose and fell, and nature, aided by restoratives, was making a tremendous effort to assert herself.

“Wilt thou tell me her name?” the Quakeress asked, for the first time looking straight into the dark eyes of the little girl’s father.

“Arabella,” he said; and seemingly it was all he wished to say, for he immediately left with the remark, “I must get air.”

As the woman bathed the little sufferer’s brow she studied intently her face. The eyes, she had noticed on first seeing the child, were dark, like her father’s. “But the features,” she said, as she communed with herself, “are purely English, and the light hair with the dark brows seems strange.”

“What didst thou say, Martha?”

The daughter gave a little start at the sound of her father’s voice.

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“Oh, I must have been thinking aloud;” and she repeated what had been passing through her mind.

“But her father is a Frenchman. Didst thou not hear him speak?”

“Yes, but the child seems English.”

Without appearing to notice her last remark, he said, “Dost thou think she will recover?”

“If it seems best to the Lord.”

“Thou hast said aright. See, already the vital spark has been rekindled.”

As the voices ceased, the little patient opened her eyes and gazed at her attendant. She appeared frightened, and turned her head as though in search of some one. Martha laid her hand soothingly, gently, on the little head, as she said, “If thou movest, thou wilt be ill again.” A touching silence followed the warning, for the pathetic face of the child showed she was deeply moved. At last a great sob shook her little form, and she cried, “I want my mamma.”

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“Wouldst thou like me to speak to thy father?”

“Oh, no; I want my mamma dear.”

“Arabella!” The word was spoken by the dark stranger who had just appeared.

Only her name! The little hands covered her face to hide the quivering lips. The next moment the marvelous self-control of the child showed in her angelic expression. Her eyes now turned to the man, as she exclaimed, “Papa!” Then, as he did not move, her arms were outstretched to him, as she said, “Kiss me, papa.”

Without a responsive word or action to the little invalid, he addressed himself to her nurse: “I will relieve you of your watch. I am deeply indebted to you for the service you have rendered me.”

Martha rose from the side of Arabella’s bunk, where she had been sitting. An irresistible impulse moved her to bend over the child and kiss the pale cheek, as she tenderly smoothed back the soft curls that fell over her face, leaving it half in

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shadow. The Quakeress felt humiliated by the man's dismissal. Ought she to have left before?

"Will you come back soon?" asked the little girl.

"I will if thou needest me: and if thou requests me," addressing herself to the man. "She is not fully recovered. She had only regained consciousness as thou camest in."

A puzzled, questioning expression passed over the countenance of the man. He felt uneasy in this woman's presence. Her gentle, persuasive manner annoyed him. "What does she think?" he wondered. Then his cold, stoical manner was again apparent, as he watched her gather up her medicines. He moved nearer the bunk and gazed earnestly at the little invalid.

As Martha was about to depart, he said, "You ought to leave this place. The air is poison. I am obliged to you for your assistance, and hope it may continue, if my daughter is to be ill all the time we are out."

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“I am willing to aid thee. If the child needs me, thou canst let me know.”

The old Quaker had been a quiet spectator of the passing scenes. For some time after leaving the Frenchman, he and his daughter sat in silence on the deck of the ship. Martha was the first to break the stillness.

“Father, what thinkest thou of the Frenchman?”

“That the less thou hast to do with him the better. I am convinced he has not that integrity to which we have been accustomed. Didst thou notice the fierce look he gave the little girl, when he heard her talking to thee?”

“I did, and I, like thee, am led to feel that he has no love for her. Thou art so convincing in speech that I do wish thou couldst persuade the man to allow me freedom with the child. I could bring her back to health if I were given the opportunity.”

“I am of the belief that thou wilt be called again.”

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Even as the Quaker spoke, the Frenchman appeared. "Arabella has fainted; may I ask you to come again."

A glance only was exchanged between Martha and her father, as she hastened to the child. True, she was unconscious. After making use of the restoratives at hand, without the desired result, Martha said, "Hadst thou not better see if there is a physician aboard?"

The man, with an impatient manner, replied, "I prefer your treatment to that of a charlatan."

The Frenchman's manner was so collected in the presence of what had the appearance of death, that the young nurse closed her eyes for a few seconds, while she indulged in supplication, more that the father's hard heart might be softened than for the child's life.

After a vigorous chafing of the little hands, so limp and helpless, and the various remedies applied, the Quakeress was rewarded by seeing her eyelids quiver. A deep breath followed the

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muscular action, and again the little patient gazed into the kind face.

“Thou must not speak,” was the admonition. “Thou art too weak. I will sit by thee, now, and see thou dost not try to rise.”

For three days and nights the young woman watched beside the little invalid. Then, at last, the sun broke forth from its imprisonment behind the clouds. The troubled waters bore the long, low swell that belies the remembrance of the turbulent sea. Sitting apart from the others, who thronged the deck to get a breath of the life-giving air, was the Quakeress, calm and well. The commander said she was the only woman on board, who could be a sailor, all the others having succumbed to sea-sickness. Their pale faces and woe-begone attitudes, Martha said, affected her more than the rough sea, so she took Arabella to a remote corner of the deck. The little girl was wrapped in one of her shawls and tenderly held in her arms.

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The ship was too crowded for them to remain long free from curious, questioning looks. The child's thin hands were clasped on the outside of the gray covering, and a pitiful picture was portrayed in them.

The Frenchman knew that Arabella was safe from the inquisitiveness of other passengers while in the arms of one of the then traduced sect known as Quakers. So he left the two alone apparently, but his eye was ever watchful, so that he might be near if they were in conversation. About noon he appeared at Martha's side. "How is she?" he inquired in terse tones.

"About the same. She has not moved."

At this instant a slight shrinking of the little form did not escape Martha. It lent fervor to the quiet manner of the Quakeress that did not invite further intrusion, and the Frenchman walked away. The child raised her delicate hand to her nurse's bonnet, and drew the face down to her.

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“Please tell me your name?”

“Martha.”

“Oh, I must not call you that. Papa would not like it.” Then cautiously looking round, and seeing no one, she whispered, “Papa used to love me. I do not think he does now. I must have been a very wicked little girl. Mademoiselle used to tell me about wicked children. Do you think I am wicked?” Then before an answer could be given, “If I try to be very good, will papa kiss me again?”

Arabella seemed to have exhausted herself with her rapid questions, and nestled her head close to Martha’s heart.

“Thou art good, child. Thou hast been sick. When thou art well again, thy father will appear the same to thee. Oh! here is some broth for thee; drink it, and thou wilt feel better.”

The words proved true, and as the days passed Arabella grew strong.

“Papa,” she said one day, as she leaned against his chair, while she

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watched Martha in the distance, "what makes the lady, who took care of me, wear such queer clothes?"

"Have you not learned she is a Quaker? Keep away from her now you are well. Ask me no more questions," and he relapsed into his accustomed oblivion to the surroundings that he so despised.

The Quaker and he seldom conversed, for the old man was as anxious to keep away from the Frenchman as that gentleman was to keep from him. To Martha he said "I am convinced he did not wish to tell me the child's age, but disliked to refuse before her. I am satisfied he spoke the truth when he replied 'Almost seven,' for the little one said, 'Just seven, papa.' She is very young to be left without a mother. I wish he did incline to more tenderness toward her."

During the long voyage Martha and Arabella were not much together, as it seemed impossible for the Quakeress to talk to the little girl without that appar-

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ent fear on her part that marked all her actions.

At the voice of the dark man she would start and give him a questioning glance, and then in soft, sad tones she would whisper, "Papa used to love me."

At last land was sighted, and Martha, tenderly placing an arm about the child, asked the first question concerning her life:

"Arabella, what is thy name?"

Looking up into her face, she replied, "You just said it."

"I mean thy last one, thy father's name."

"Oh, I know! Mademoiselle used to call my mamma Madame."

In desperation she exclaimed "What is thy father's?"

"Monsieur."

"No, no. Your mother was Madame what? Smith?"

Then Arabella pointed one little finger at her and said, "Now I know. Truly I do, 'cause mamma took my hand and helped me to write to papa," as she

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spoke his name, she lowered her voice to a whisper.

“She taught me to spell it, too. R-a-o-u-l d-e M-e-r-a-s. And, oh, she used to get such long letters from him, and she used to kiss them.” Then, as Martha looked with incredulous eyes upon her, Arabella said, “Oh, yes, she did, ’cause she said they were sweet.”

She had forgotten the admonitions as she prattled on. “My papa used to take me in his arms and kiss me, and tell me I was sweet, too. And then I told him I loved him a gardenfull, ’cause it grew all the time.”

“What did thy father say?” asked the young woman.

“That I was making b’lieve; but,” she said sorrowfully, “papa does not love me now.”

The interested faces, gazing so intently into each other, did not pass unobserved.

“Arabella, I want you.” The voice was cold and harsher than usual.

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The child sprang forward; then, as the impulse seemed to seize her, she clung to Martha, and whispered, "I am afraid; can you come, too?"

Again the man spoke: "Arabella."

This time he moved toward her. Pale and trembling she went to him.

"Of what were you talking?" asked the man.

For a moment the child seemed to swallow a great sob. Her thin face, made so by illness, grew livid, and the little lips closed tight. She held her handkerchief in one hand, and with the other twisted one corner of it. The large black eyes had almost a wild expression, as she stared at the man she called papa.

The people about stood back to watch the outcome of it all.

The man caught her by the shoulder, and exclaimed, in French: "What were you talking about to that gossiping woman?"

No reply came from her white lips.

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“Answer me, will you? or I will”—he raised his arm as if to strike her, while he was almost as pale and trembling as she. But the cause, how different! The spectators saw depicted in his face the coward’s anger; and the brute force, which it was a father’s right to use, was shown in his very attitude. The child now shook as with a chill, her teeth chattered, and when she tried to speak no sound came.

He repeated, “Tell me of what you were talking.” Still the man’s arm swung above her head as if he had met a man in open battle, and not a child.

Another heroic effort, and in English, the little girl replied, with a steadfast and now fearless gaze into his face, “Papa, dear, we were talking about you.”

The veins in his neck seemed ready to burst as the angry blood mounted to the very tips of his ears, and he exclaimed, “How dare you defy me? Who else?”

He must have loosened his hold, for,

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with the reply "Mamma," Arabella sprang back to avert the blow he would have given. Martha came at this opportune time, being unable to resist longer the temptation, that had seemed to be consuming her, to protect the helpless one.

Just at the moment the little girl eluded his grasp, he took a step forward to regain his hold of her, and lost his balance. The place where he stood was slippery, and before he could recover his poise he measured his length on the deck.

No one moved for an instant. Breathless silence followed the scene just enacted. Martha was the first to bend over him. He had fallen on his side as his foot went from under him, and the outstretched arm he had used to break his fall was now lying beneath him. He had struck his head also, and, while not wholly unconscious, he was dazed. The Quakeress spoke to him. He did not reply, but when two or three of the passengers

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offered their assistance he shook their hands from him, and, without a word, rose. The men fell back, and when the Frenchman put his hand to his head and looked about for some support, not one of those stalwart Englishmen placed a chair for him, but moved away.

Martha saw that he was suffering. He attempted to put out his right hand toward his victim, who stood apart a little from the excited group, but he could not, and he fairly hissed, "Arabella, follow me!" She did not move. Again that tyrannical glance met her eyes.

Then the Quakeress spoke. "A moment with thee."

"I have no time," was the quick rejoinder.

At this point in the dialogue Martha tenderly placed her hand on Arabella's head, as she said, addressing herself to the man, "When thou didst ask me to do thee a favor I found time. If thy birthright inheritance had given thee the honor of a Friend, thou wouldst not have



“He measured his length on the deck.”

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spoken those words. Thou hast the bearing of a nobleman but the spirit of a serf."

His rage was greater than at any time before, and it is difficult to conjecture what might have happened if, in a thoughtless moment, he had not attempted to move his right arm. The pain caused him to give up the battle and look to his injury. He swayed when he walked, as though too weak to stand, and Martha placed a chair for him, and gave him water.

The old Quaker, knowing nothing of what had occurred, now came forward.

"Can I render thee a service?"

For a moment a savage look overspread the dark man's countenance; then as suddenly he replied, "I wish you would see if my arm is broken."

By this time Arabella was in Martha's arms in the cabin. Soothing words were spoken to reassure the frightened child. "Arabella, it is now but a short time before thou and I part. Thou must remember me; wilt thou, always?"

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“Oh, yes, Martha.” And throwing her arms around the woman’s neck, she cried: “Oh, if my papa only would love me again! Will he be good to me, do you think?”

“Thou must be a good child.”

“Wilt thou come to the stranger?” asked the old man.

“For what dost thou need me, father?”

“The Frenchman’s arm is badly bruised. Bring thy medicine case and bandages.”

“Stay thou here, child, and I will come to thee quickly,” said Martha.

As she followed the old man to where the patient sat, the dark stranger looked up. “I seem to be at your mercy again. This motley crowd does not number a doctor whom I can trust as I do you.”

The Quakeress was as stoical as he.

“What wouldst thou have me do?”

“Something for my bruised arm.”

The woman made no reply as she set about her task, and when he was relieved by the tight bandage and sling, the man

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said: "Thank you; if I can render you a service at any time I shall be pleased to do so."

"Wilt thou forget, thinkest thou?" and, before he could answer, "The recompense is thy promise not to treat the child so cruelly. Arabella was not at fault. I asked thy name that I might remember the little one. Is the explanation sufficient to protect her?"

"I promise not to trouble her."

As Martha left him she hastened to comfort Arabella. She found her fast asleep on her bunk. To gain the consent of the Frenchman to leave her there until morning was not difficult, for he preferred to pass the sleepless night before him alone.

A heavy fog had settled down upon the sea, and no one could tell when they would reach land. Morning, however, found them putting into port, and Arabella, led by her friend, was taken to find her father. To the voice of the child calling "Papa," there came no response.

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She climbed and looked on the bed; he was not there.

“Thou wilt find him on deck or at breakfast. Come, I will take thee.” Meeting her father, she learned that he had not seen the man, although he had been outside and around about. “Thou hadst better see. His bed has not been disturbed.”

“America!” cried a chorus of voices.

The pulling, the mooring of the vessel, the landing, all caused the greatest excitement.

“What is the trouble with thee?” exclaimed the Quakeress, as her father returned, much agitated.

“The man is not to be found.”

“Not to be found!” repeated Martha. “He must be here. Well, he will come to get the child.”

All who had not left the cabin were asked if they had seen the stranger during the morning, but to the commander’s query only one reply was elicited, “No, not since he fell.” The search was kept

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up to no purpose, and finally, the Quaker asked that the facts of the case should be written out and signed by a number of passengers and the officers of the boat. Two copies were made, one to be given to the authorities at Philadelphia, and the other to the person who should assume the care of Arabella. While this was under discussion Martha came up.

“Is it the child thou wert speaking about?” addressing the commander; “if so, I will take her.”

“But can I permit it. She belongs to the vessel and his Majesty”—

At this point a packet was brought forth, bearing the Quakeress' name. It had been discovered lying on Arabella's small box. Hastily opening it, Martha read aloud: “I give Arabella into your keeping until I come for her. I am going to find a surgeon. My arm needs attention. Take the child and all that is hers with you, and leave your address at the ship's office.” That was all.

“What is his name?” was now asked by

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those present. The record of passengers only revealed "Monsieur and daughter."

As the curious ones lingered, anxious for new developments to the mystery, they heard the question asked again and again by the Quaker and the crew, "How did he disappear?" and the reply, "It must be he fell overboard."

Then the old man said, "Just notify me at the Friends' meeting-house if her father is found;" and joining his daughter and the little girl, they went on shore.

"I can do no more, Martha. This is most strange."

"Shall I see my papa very soon?" asked Arabella.

Brought to realize the fact that she was a listener they ended their conversation. And the Quakers, with their new responsibility, started to find their friends, who waited and watched for them to come to the new life in a new world.

CHAPTER II

About fifty miles from Paris was the quaint and picturesque village of L——. In the gabled windows of the unpretentious houses stood jars of violets—the flower so dear to the heart of the Frenchman. Here and there a large cat, also, had her place behind the twining vines that clung to the stone cottage, and softened the light that fell upon the blossoms. Its inhabitants, judging from appearances, knew little or nothing of the world beyond their homes. They were not a curious people, for little happened in their inner or outer lives to arouse that trait in their ingenuous natures.

A small church, with a cross above the entrance, and a shop or two, met all the needs of the dwellers in this hamlet.

About three miles to the west of the

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village sanctuary was a small chateau. Only the very old men and women about the country could remember when it had been inhabited. They told the story of some romance connected with it to the children about their knees, while the boys and girls, in turn, lowered their voices when they approached it, and kept to the far side of the road that lay by its gates.

Now and then some child would venture to the wall surrounding it, and, stepping on its craggy surface, climb to a height that would permit him to peep over. The head went, oh, so cautiously up, but suddenly down, as the eye met its weather-beaten windows and open doors that ever and anon sent forth a sort of human wail. The howling winds re-echoed the cry in an invitation to the beetles, bats, hawks, and any other forest tramp, to take refuge within its ruins.

Eight years before this story opens, a Frenchman had surprised these simple folk by looking about the old chateau.

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Then, when men were seen at work on the crumbling and desolate house, the curiosity of the natives began to develop, and it reached even the good fathers behind the church walls. There is no slander in the accusation, for the long dormant bump of inquisitiveness was seen to grow even on the bald heads of the old men.

But time only partially satisfied the thirst for knowledge. The old women said it was quite unsatisfactory not to enter the doors of the chateau.

The warm sun had touched again the paths, which had been overgrown with weeds and briars for so many years. Fairyland, it seemed, now met the eye of not only the boy but the curious man, who did not hesitate to catch a glimpse of the sequestered place. A stream of pure water ran through the grounds, and on either bank grew the rarest flowers.

Within the chateau, and overlooking the stream, was an enchanted chamber with its boudoir. Every detail within

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this room showed the most tender thoughtfulness for the occupant, who stood gazing out of a window on a *bizarre* garden.

A man walked to and fro in the rose-path just beneath. He was accompanied by a little girl, fair to look upon; her hands clasped his, and, without much seeming effort, he lifted her. A merry laugh followed the feat, and she turned her large, dark, lustrous eyes up to the gaze of the man and said, "Do it again, papa."

"Arry, you require too much strength;" and he placed her on his shoulder, to the child's infinite delight. She showered kisses upon his hair.

"See here, sweetheart, I have come a long way for your seventh birthday. I do not want those on the top of my head."

The flaxen curls were laid against his cheek; then suddenly looking up she said: "Papa, what makes that queer place under your chin?"

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“Let me see, Arry, you have asked that question how many times?”

Then, as she saw a lady approach, she forgot all else, and exclaimed: “Oh, here’s mamma.”

As the woman joined them, she took the small foot resting on the arm of the child’s father, as she said, “You are only a baby, after all, Arry.”

“No, mamma dear, I’s taller than you now;” and she drew herself up on her father’s shoulder, where she was still perched, as she continued, “truly I am now, ’cause I am seven to-day.”

“Arry, you make my shoulder lame. I must put you down,” and he suited the action to the words, as he said, “Have you all you want for your birthday, my daughter?”

The child was now walking between the parents, each holding a chubby hand.

At the question from her father, she drew her hand from his, and clasped a locket suspended from her neck.

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“This is the nicest, 'cause you're pretty.”

“Hush, Arry; you make even a Frenchman blush with such flattery.”

“What's that, papa?”

“Never mind, little girl, about explanations. You are far too old now for your years.”

“Yes, Raoul, that comes from having only adults for companions.”

The child interrupted the conversation that had taken a serious turn, by saying, “Why, papa, may I not show it to any one?”

“Arry, I said not until I gave you permission. Do you remember?”

“Oh, yes. I never, never, never will till you say so. Am I good?”

“Indeed you are, and my darling little daughter. Now go to Mademoiselle;” and after kissing the child fervently, he dismissed her.

Father and mother remained in the garden until evening shadows warned them of the gathering dampness. Then

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they moved toward the chateau. Tenderly, confidingly, the wife laid her hand in that of her husband, as together they went to her boudoir. Drawing a divan before an open window, they watched silently the rising moon, which cast a blue-gray hue on the road that lay beyond. Through a low fence that divided two parcels of land a tender vine was interlaced. A gleam of light here and there touched the purple fruit that hung from it.

A deep sigh escaped the wife, as her eye rested on this picture of nature. Her husband turned his face toward her. "Why that sigh, my loved one?"

"Oh, Raoul, I was thinking of something Arry said to-day that has found an echo in my heart."

"What is it, love? Arry must beware of such serious conversation."

He placed his hand beneath her chin and lifted the drooping head. Then he said, more earnestly, "Tell me, darling, what troubles you?"

"Raoul, this seclusion and secrecy

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weighs heavy on my heart. Arry is now old enough to need greater advantages than we can give her here."

"How so, my own? You can have anything, everything you desire."

The wife did not reply for a few moments, as she sat with her hands clasped aimlessly before her.

"Can you not tell me what is missing to complete your happiness?" asked the husband.

"Dear Raoul, freedom once more."

"Can you not wait a little longer, darling?"

"Oh this waiting has been so long. It is becoming unbearable. Arry is precocious and asks me many questions I find it difficult to answer. But when she said 'Mamma, why does not papa live here all the time with you and me, or take us with him?' I replied with what fortitude I could 'Sometime he will.'"

The husband placed his arm about the wife at his side and drew her to him. Then she added, after a little hesitation,

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“I told her, when pressed further by her childish questioning, that papa had a reason for all he did. Your child looked into my face with earnestness as she said, ‘Is it a really reason, mamma?’ ” And, as the man pressed her head down on his breast, she sobbed aloud “Raoul, I, too, asked myself if there was ‘a really reason.’ ”

“Bella, for over eight years I believe I have had your implicit confidence. It has been my bulwark in all times of weakness since we first met. Will you take it from me now?”

With the utter abandon that only woman’s faith in man can explain, Bella threw her arms about her husband’s neck and pressed her lips to his. Then she softly murmured: “I trust you now and forever. Keep me where it seems wise, only let me be near my love.”

“My darling wife, this is the lion’s strength with which you hold me.”

“You have dried my tears away, Raoul. You will see them no more.”

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As the clock chimed twelve times the lights went out in the chateau.

An early breakfast was spread, for the master must leave. Even as the sun rose, father and mother stood by the little bed, and watched their sleeping child. Bending tenderly to the little face, her papa lifted one golden curl in his fingers, as he kissed the fair, childish brow. Softly the door closed after them.

They went to see that all was in readiness for the departure. As the parents stepped out on the balcony, the dampness of the night before still rested on leaf and flower. A fragrance that only early morning gives pervaded the air, and so clear was the atmosphere, so utterly silent the stillness, that the breathing of the cattle could be heard as they grazed hard by. Raoul's horse was tethered a short distance from where he stood by Bella's side, and, at his master's voice, he gave a whinny as he pawed the lawn.

A few last words, and the parting came.

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“Oh, Raoul, it is such an ecstasy of joy to be with you. Why, why must such forebodings come. Promise me again you will hasten your return.”

“You will see me in a day or two, unless I should go over to London; if I do you will hear from me. In that case I may be away several days. My darling, keep up your courage. Reward is near.”

“I hope, Raoul dear, this going to London will not detain you long; for when you do not come, I dread the long, dark night, and morning light has only horrors for the day that brings you not.”

His parting words, as he mounted his horse: “Bella, you will see me in three or four days at the latest; be cheerful!” sounded in her ears, as his horse cantered away and left her standing beneath the swaying branches.

As the leaves touched her brow, a shadow flitted over her face and added to the pathos there. Dewdrops fell from the flowering boughs about her and bathed the burning cheeks. Still the

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leaves sparkled, and heaven's and wife's tears mingled. Forward swayed the lithesome figure for a last glance of horse and rider. "So gentle, so kind to us, my Raoul," she whispered.

As he passed beneath the lindens, myriad drops of dew fell upon him. Bella put forth her hand, as if to call him back. It touched the over-hanging leaves, and from them fell upon her head, nature's most delicate restorative.

"Sweet heaven, thou hast vouchsafed to us twain the same baptism. I am satisfied."

CHAPTER III

The old Quaker and his daughter had friends in Philadelphia. A son waited anxiously the coming of father and sister, and, in the reunion of the loving and beloved ones, Arabella was forgotten by all save Martha.

Days passed into weeks, and still no word from the missing man. The child either did not know or could not be persuaded to tell where her home had been. The Quakeress frequently found her weeping, and, on one occasion, when the efforts of the child to suppress her grief overcame the tender heart of Martha, she clasped the child in her arms and covered her own eyes. The little one said: "Do n't; I will not cry again."

"Why, child?"

" 'Cause it makes you cry."

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“Yes, but suppose thou canst not help it?”

“I will, though, Martha.”

“How?”

“Lock the tear-box up tight and hide the key where only God can find it. See, I have done it now,” and she smiled.

A radiant look came into the childish face, and the Quakeress, clasping Arabella more firmly, said, “Thou shalt be mine. Thine is the spirit of which martyrs are made. And now I shall never talk with thee any more about thy home, thy father and mother. Thou art mine.”

“What if mamma came?”

“Then thou shalt be hers, but now thy gown and bonnet shall be like mine. Wilt thou like to be a little Friend?”

“Oh, yes. Papa was so good to leave me with you.”

“Then wilt thou learn to say thou and thee and thy, like the Friends?”

“Oh, yes. Martha, wilt thee teach me?”

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“Child, thou hast taught thyself. Love is the twist in thy tongue. It will conquer armies.”

“What is that?”

But as Martha did not seem inclined to explain her mystical allusion, Arabella was too wise in child-lore to persist.

The days were now spent in looking about for a permanent home. The old man, although not rich, had not come to America empty-handed. It was his desire to purchase a farm and spend his remaining days free from persecution which the Society, known as Friends or Quakers, had been subjected to in England.

When Arabella was left on his hands, he waited for what he thought a reasonable time to pass for her father to reclaim her, then he quietly said: “I will do no more to find the man, hid on land or sea, for a purpose. The child is happier with thee, Martha. Thou wilt find thou hast much comfort in her, thinkest thou?”

“Yes, thou art far better to keep the

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child than her father. For me, I am fond of the care of the little girl, who prattles all day long, sometimes in French. The child must have been with educated people, for she uses only the best English. I do not understand it. The box her father left contained only the most simple clothing. Strange mystery that has fallen to thee and me.”

To this remark, Hezekiah, the Friend, only replied: “Do by the child as though she were thine.”

And so Arabella was adopted.

At Chadd’s Ford, on the Brandywine, lived Hezekiah’s son, Daniel, and here his father and sister, with the little girl, remained while looking about for a desirable farm. At last one that seemed to meet the principal requirements was discovered. It was about three miles from the Ford and the Quaker meeting-house, and the daughter said, “Father, thou canst see how easy it will be for the little girl and myself to walk to meeting and to see Daniel, and thou canst drive to Phila-

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delphia when thou wishest for special guidance from the larger body of Friends." This decided the question under discussion, and after a few repairs were made the family moved into the farm-house.

Martha and Arabella did the work, and it was a slow process unpacking the heavy boxes, but at last everything was in order. Arabella looked about her, and, as the Quakeress stood on tip-toe with a cloth in hand, wiping the dust from the high posts of the bed, she said: "Now, wee one, we are all through arranging the things it seemeth good for us to have."

"Martha, is this all thou hast?"

"All, child! What dost thou expect? Didst thou have more?"

"Oh, yes, it was so beautiful in my mamma's chateau."

Martha turned suddenly, holding the cloth as high as her arm would reach, and forgetting to let her heels touch the stool on which she stood, exclaimed:

"Chateau! Arabella, what dost thou mean?" Then seeing her consternation,

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she added: "Never mind, I will keep my word to thee and ask thee no questions."

And as she stepped down from the stool, the little girl walked out of the house, and the Quakeress' soliloquy ran thus: "That child, please God, will some day tell what she knows, for I am of the opinion it would be most interesting to thee, Martha. But if thou keepest to what thou art called to do, it is to refrain from curiosity; but then it is for her good I desire to know, I think. Still Friend Zekiel always told us in meeting to guard against the sin of being called to find out the thing thou wantest to know, rather than the things good for thee to know. I am free to confess I am curious about the child. Thy wisdom, wee one, is great in keeping thine own counsel. Surely thou hast been taught the right and wrong. That is why thou findest it so easy to be a Friend."

Life with the Quakers passed quietly. Arabella did not seem to notice their peculiarities. She was clothed now in her

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Quaker costume, her dress extending down to her ankles, and in her gray bonnet and cloak there was nothing to mark her other than a born Quaker, unless it was her golden curls that would find their way out of the sides of her bonnet. These were the cause of some family disagreement.

“Martha,” said her brother, Daniel, one day, sitting where his sister was spinning, “I feel somewhat called to speak to thee about the child Arabella.”

“Well, Daniel, I am prepared to listen to anything thou art called to tell me, believing thee to be a man of honest purpose, although somewhat opposed to the child. What thou wouldst say I shall be pleased to hear.”

“I am called, I believe, to tell thee it is sinful and worldly to have the child wear curls. They are for personal adornment, and therefore not pleasing to the Lord. Thou canst not bring the child up to self-sacrifice unless thou teachest her simplicity.”

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“Daniel, I have thought much of this, but it is the one wish of Arabella that they be left. In all else she yields willingly. Thinkest thou the child’s feelings should not be considered?”

“Thy sister tells me children ought not to have a way; it should be thy way.”

“Daniel, the mother of thy children may be in the right. So far I have not been led to think with thee. I will give myself up to the direction of the Lord in this. The wee one said, ‘Martha, just let me keep my curls, so mamma will know me if she comes.’ I felt the spirit directed me not to offend her. Is this all, Daniel?” as he seemed to fall into meditation.

“No, thou art reprehensible in calling the child ‘Wee One.’ Thou knowest it is giving thyself up to worldly ideas.”

“Daniel, I said to the child ‘Thou art only a wee one’ when I first dressed her in the Friends’ clothes. Arabella said ‘Call me that, Martha; it is prettier than Arabella.’ And so I did.”

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“Thou hast admitted that vanity prompts the name.”

“Daniel, I will only call her ‘wee one’ when I am very much moved toward the child, if thou thinkest I do wrong. I am convinced that my great desire to treat the child as her mother did is in no way disobeying.”

As the Quakers never say good-bye, brother and sister parted in silence.

CHAPTER IV

It was now spring, and Arabella wandered out among the wild flowers, gathering her apron full for the beloved Martha. One day she ventured a long distance from the house, and when she turned to go home the two paths that lay before her were as one. She could not tell which to take.

“Martha will be so troubled,” she said aloud; “but I will sit down on this tree stump and see which way I think I came.”

No thought of fear was causing those little hands to tremble, as she gathered the blossoms from her apron and arranged them. The last one was picked up, then she arose.

“I must decide which way. How can I?” Then, suddenly, “The daisy will tell me.”

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The garland was laid on the stump of the tree, and picking a wild daisy from the field, she began, "The—but how can I tell what to call the roads? Martha says the oaks are fine; so this road, with the big trees, will be 'the oak road,' and the other, well—just 'the other.' Now, I will begin." And the little fingers picked the white leaf, "The oak road;" the next leaf, "The other road;" and so repeated to the last petal, which came off at the words "The oak road." Gathering her nosegay together, she started to return that way.

A few minutes' walk brought her face to face with a boy, evidently several years older than herself. Each stood apparently unable to move. Thus confronted, the boy first found voice to speak.

"Ho! ho! so I see a young witch, do I? Can you hear through that bonnet? Why don't you talk? What's your name?"

"Arabella."

"You have got a tongue. Say, 'spose you sit down and tell me some witch stories."

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"I don't know any. I must hurry home. I am lost, perhaps."

"Who are those flowers for?"

"Martha."

"Who is Martha? your sister?"

"No, I have no sister."

"Any brother?"

"No, I have nobody."

"Gol! that's queer. Who is Martha, then?"

"The Friend I live with."

"Who put those clothes on you?"

"Martha."

"Take off that queer sun-bonnet, and let me see you;" and he walked up, untied the strings, and lifted the gray bonnet from her head.

"Jingo, you are pretty. What makes you wear that old hood?"

"It's not a hood."

"Well, then, the horrid old blind that shuts you in."

"I will not let you talk so. Martha wears one, too, and I love her; so there!"

"Is that all you love?"

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“I love these;” and she held out her flowers.

“Why?”

“ ’Cause they are so sweet and are the field’s wild visitors.”

“Who said so?”

“I. And Martha says they are her friends, too; and she wants them all the time they are here, for they don’t come often.” And then in a sorrowful tone, “They don’t stay long; they die.”

The boy looked in a half-quizzical way, as he said, “You *are* queer;” and then asked, “Where do you get them?”

“Way over the hill.”

“My mother is so sick. I wish I had found some to take home.”

“Oh! give these to her.”

“What will Martha say?”

“Just ‘That was right, wee one; think of others before thou dost of thyself,’ that is all;” and holding out the flowers, “Wilt thou have them?”

The boy still held her bonnet, swinging it by one string.

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“Say, you *are awful qucer*. I wish my mother could see you. Where do you live?”

“Just this way, I think, is Friend Hezekiah’s farm.”

“Well, I’ll be plagued if you do not live on the farm adjoining us.”

“Oh, then thou canst show me the way home. Wilt thou?”

“Yes, come along.”

“And, p’r’aps thou wouldst like me to take this nosegay to thy mother. Martha says we must visit the sick. May I?”

“Yes, come along. I say——”

“Oh, my bonnet.”

“Leave it off while I am with you. Arabella, did you say your name was?”

“Yes, but Martha says to keep my bonnet on.”

“But you see I want to look at you.”

“And Martha says ‘Thou must not be looked at.’ So, now, just give me my bonnet.”

“S’pose I won’t; what then?”

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“Nothing, only I will go away, and Martha will pray for thee.”

“I like *that*. Will you leave me the bonnet?”

“Yes, ’cause Martha says we must lose what we have rather than—well, it means just the same as—fight.”

“Well, Arabella, as we are neighbors, we must not fight; so take your bonnet. There is the house. See my brothers?”

“All of them thy brothers! Oh, my! and I have not one. Dost thou s’pose thy papa would give one, jus’ one, to Martha.”

“Give one of us to a witch?”

“What is that?”

“Do n’t you know?”

“No, I never, never heard, truly.”

“Then you better not. Why do n’t you ask my name?”

“I s’pose it ’s Friend ——.”

“Well, just s’pose nothing of the sort. *We* are not Quakers.”

“Thou art not? I thought every one

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in this 'new world,' as Martha calls it, were Friends."

"Not a bit of it, sis. Do n't let them fool you."

"Who fools me?"

"The Quakers."

"They do n't fool. Martha says it is not pleasing to the Lord."

"She does, hey? Well, my name is Jack. Just wait until I let down the bars."

As Arabella said "Never mind," she stooped and crept beneath them. As she stood inside the grounds, four pairs of boys' eyes were riveted on her.

"Hello, Jack; what have you?"

The four-year-old echoed, "Hot 'as you, Yak?"

"Keep still, can't you? Let the girl alone. Go in."

"A girl, did you say, Jack?"

"Oh, Jack, I never saw so many brothers. Martha has jus' Daniel. I better go home."

"Come on, Arabella, and give the

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flowers to my mother. You know the Quakeress would tell you to."

"Oh, yes; and she says when we are afraid, we are only but jux' selfish, thinking of ourselves."

"Go on, boys. Come Arabella," and he led her into a large room, where, reclining on snowy white pillows, was the mother of Jack.

"Come on, I say;" and, as she hung back, "do n't be afraid." He took her hand. "Mother, this is the little Quakeress that lives on the next farm."

The invalid put out her hand.

"Little girl, I am pleased to see you. Are you well?"

"Yes, thank thee. Jack said that thou dost like flowers. Wilt thou take this nosegay?"

"With delight, child, if you can spare it. And I thank you so much for thinking of me. I hope that great big boy did not ask for them. Were they gathered for your mother?"

"My mamma is not here."

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“Where is she, dear?”

“Oh, so far over the sea. You do n’t speak like Martha, dost thou?”

“Do you mean as the Quakers do? No, dear, we are not Quakers, but you do not always say thou, I notice.”

“No, Martha wants me to, but I forget sometimes. Thou talkest just like my mamma. I like to listen; say more.”

A severe attack of coughing seized the invalid, that caused Jack to lead her visitor from the room.

“If my mother uses her voice much, she is troubled in this way. You can come again to-morrow; will you?”

“If Martha is willing. What are all those names?” pointing to the brothers of Jack.

“You act, Arabella, as if you had never seen a boy before.”

“I have n’t seen so many. They look just like trees. I will call thee the Oak; the next size, the Elm; that boy with the freckles on his face, oh! he is the Bass;

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and the next one is so tidy, he is the Spruce; and the tiny one is the Maple, 'cause he looks jus' like maple sugar."

"Where did you learn the names of the different trees?"

"Friend Hezekiah told me all 'bout them."

"Now, can you remember which is which?"

"I can tell about them, truly."

"Shall I take you home?"

"Oh, yes. Come and see Martha, all of you, will you?"

"Some other time we will go and see you. Don't get lost again over the meadow," said Elm.

Jack and Arabella walked to Hezekiah's, each relating the adventures of the day. As they neared the house the Quakeress came to the door.

"Why, wee one, where hast thou been?"

"Martha, wilt thou speak to the Oak first."

Jack looked confused.

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“My name is Jack. The little girl lost her way to-day, and I brought her home.”

“Thank thee, very much, Jack. Wilt thou come in?”

“My mother will be looking for me. It is time to milk the cows.”

“Oh, Martha, the Oak’s mother is so ill! Wilt thou go, too, some day and see her?”

“If the boy’s mother wishes it I shall be very glad to take her some home delicacy. Thinkest thou, Jack, thy mother would see a Friend?”

“Oh, certainly. My mother is sometimes very lonely. I often find her crying.”

“Oh, go soon! Thou wilt wipe her tears away. Thou didst mine;” and the child, taking the Quakeress’ hand, laid it against her lips. “I love thee, Martha. May the Oak love thee, too?”

“Jack will not come to see us again if thou makest so free.”

“Yes, he will, ’cause thou didst ask

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him. Tell thy mother that I will bring Martha, wilt thou Oak?"

As the boy left them he bade them good-night; and he felt a lack of friendliness that he heard no response. He had gone a short distance when Arabella's voice reached him.

"Oak! Oak!" He turned. "I am ever and *ever* and EVER so glad I found the Oak. Dost thou hear?"

He waved his hand and smiled as he plodded on.

CHAPTER V

One year had passed since Arabella took up her abode with the Quakeress. Changes had taken place around the farm; other neighbors had come, two families of Quakers among them. Jack's mother had died, and he now found himself the main-stay of his father in the care of the family. Martha was of great assistance in directing and advising, and the little girl was the confidant of them all. She heard the story of imaginary injustice, of burned potatoes, of soured cream, of wet kindling, of father's discomforts, and the longing for the mother's care. Here lay the secret tie that knit their hearts together. No matter what the trouble was, when Arabella came in sunshine followed.

To the importunities of Henry—other-

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wise, Maple—to ‘Jus’ be mine side, pease, Airbella,” she kissed him with the remark, “I go round all sides, Maple.”

Then Jack took the gray bonnet between his hands and said, “Plague the thing! I would have one, too, if I could get my head into that poke.”

Then the little girl drew the bonnet close over her face and said, “Oak, please be good;” and he replied, “It *is* mean to plague a girl.”

These were happy days to the children, in which they wove a life history that was guileless and free from bitter envy and longing greed for gain. Nature had spread a lap of luxury and given the pure fountain from which they drank. No artificial splendor satiated their young hearts, but contentment rested in their souls. It was left, perhaps, for their posterity to learn the misery, the heart-burnings of those dissatisfied ones who strive and fail.

But the children went on patching the trousers and tilling the soil, all heedless

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of the conflict in which they were destined to take an active part.

One day, when Arabella and Jack were sitting on the back porch, he looked down-hearted.

“What is it that makes thee so sad? Wilt thou tell me?”

“Arabella, my father says there is sure to be war, that the air is full of it, and when the first gun is fired he shall be present. Have you heard anything of it?”

“Oh, Oak, one of the neighbors wanted to speak to Friend Hezekiah about some trouble, but he would not listen, for he said war was sinful. Martha says talk brews strife, so perhaps thou and I best not speak much on the subject. Art thou of the same mind?”

“No, I do n’t believe I am, Arabella. There is a mighty sight of difference between old folks and young.”

“I s’pose so.”

“You s’pose, and I know.”

“Martha knows, and I jus’ s’pose.

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Dost thou think thou art big enough to know, Jack?"

"Well, I know it's hard on a boy to have no one to talk to. Pap just expects me to listen when he has anything to say, as he believes children should be seen and not heard. I don't stand any show with pap."

"What kind of pap? Is it something good?"

"Oh, you are a real greeny! Pap is the short with boys for father."

"I am glad thou didst tell me, 'cause I never, never did hear it before. I s'pose I don't know much. Does that mean 'greeny?' "

"That is what boys call it, but some green things are smacking good, and you are one of the some."

"Am I?"

"Now see here, Arabella; it is enough to break a boy all up to have no one to talk to."

"Oh, Oak, talk all thou wilt if thou won't 'break up;' 'cause what should I do if thou shouldst 'break up'? If thou

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dost feel bad about it, jus' talk, and if I do n't answer it won't brew."

Jack grasped his hat, and threw it up with a hurrah.

"You are more fun than a boy, Arabella. The British are bound to own us; and pap says we have not worked for nothing in a new country; that it is tax, *tax*, TAX, rule, *rule*, RULE, and that America should have freedom. I wish I could go too."

"Oh, Oak, what would become of little Maple and all the others?"

"Leave them with you. I feel as if I were shirking my duty when my father quotes the words of Patrick Henry, 'I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.' "

"Oh, Oak, this is dreadful! But I forgot; if I talk it will brew."

"Arabella, pap has been to the First Continental Congress assembled at Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, and he has come home ready for war. I should not wonder if he went at any time."

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“Oak, what is a Tory?”

“A lover of the oppression of Great Britain.”

“I am a Tory, Oak.”

“You are?”

“Yes. Why dost thou look so cross? Thou lookest just savage. Friend Hezekiah is; so am I.”

“Then you are not my friend. You had better go back to England.”

“Now, thou seest, Oak, jus’ quick as two talk it is jus’ like Martha says, it ‘brews.’ What art thou, Oak?”

“A Whig, of course,” with a look of disdain on his face.

“A wig!” Then came a merry laugh. “That is worse on thee than my bonnet thou talkest of so much.”

“Goosie, I did not say ‘wig’;” but she could not be silenced.

“Then Hezekiah is a wig. Yes, he is. I saw him put it on. And thou art one too? Oh, Oak, it is worse than the bonnet. I can take it off; thou darest not.”

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“Arabella, listen to me. I did n't say ‘wig’; I said Whig. It means a man who loves his freedom, his own country, that he has suffered so much for. It means that a Tory can not trample on our rights without meeting resistance.”

“Wilt thou resist, Oak?”

“You just be sure I will. If I were a man I would be up in Boston now. The tea ships have been sent home from Philadelphia already, and in Boston they emptied the tea into the sea, because they would not pay the tax.”

“Oh, how Martha would like to have gone up and got some before they threw it away. Well, Oak, I don't know what I am, 'twixt thee and Martha. I shall see which way I am moved. I am going now, Oak, but I 'spect I best not tell war stories to Martha. Anyway not till I have been moved. Now, do n't go off to Boston before I see thee. Wilt thou promise?”

“Oh, I can not leave the children if father goes.”

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“Well, Oak, jus’ let father go, and I will help with Elm, Bass, Spruce, and Maple, and thou canst look after the farm. That ’s Martha; I must go.”

“Good-night, Arabella. I say, good-night, Arabella. Why don’t you answer?”

“Martha says thou must not say it.”

“Why?”

“’Cause Martha says, Friends never must,” she called, as she looked back.

“Why, Arabella?”

“’Cause we do n’t, that ’s why,” and her voice was lost in the distance. Then after a run, she changed her pace to a slow walk, and the little voice trembled as she said aloud, “I wonder if I am moved to tell Martha all the Oak said about wigs. Yes, it was wigs. If I tell, Martha will feel bad ’bout Friend Hezekiah. Then Martha says ‘Don’t tattle.’ Yes, I ’m moved hard to do n’t tell, ’cause it ’s tattle. I wonder who moves Friends so they do n’t feel it. Martha says, sometimes in

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meeting, though, they shake 'cause they are moved so hard. 'Spect I do n't, 'cause I am not born. That 's what Martha says. I forget to say 'thou' sometimes. To be a Friend one must be born, Martha says. I am so glad Martha was born. Wish I had been, then I could shake too. But I 'm moved truly not to tell 'bout Oak."

On reaching home Arabella walked into the living-room, and, after hanging up her bonnet, went to find the Quakeress, who was in the kitchen.

"Martha, can I do something for thee?"

"If thou wilt gather some apples I will make a pie, for company is coming to the mid-day meal, and then do thou put a clean cloth on the table. Father has a friend from Philadelphia with him. They are at Daniel's. They drove over and will be back to dinner."

"Martha, thou lookest sad."

"Never mind; get the fruit from the orchard."

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When Arabella was out of sight, the Quakeress fell into her old habit of thinking aloud. "Friend John seemeth troubled about many things. The Americans, he says, are the ones to blame for the disturbed condition of this country. These people, it so appears, do not like George III., and they call his taxation tyranny, and still they do not think it amiss to persecute the Friends. There is no doubt but that the Lord deems it best for them to have this discipline. How peaceful it might have been in this new country if it had been given to Friends and Indians. It seemeth a pity thou couldst not find peace here, father. Thou couldst, but for the Whigs."

Arabella reached the kitchen door just in time to hear Martha's father's name coupled with what she thought was "wig."

"Martha, didst thou speak of Friend Hezekiah's wig?"

"No, no. It seemeth best to me that thou shalt be informed of some things,

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now, which ought to be beyond thy years; but the tumult is great, and thou must hear it, and it is best from me. There are men in this new world that are not satisfied with all they have, and now want to deprive George the Third, King of England, of his taxes. They robbed the Indian of his home, drove him out, and thou wilt cry when thou readest about it. And now the Whigs want to rob England."

"People who wear wigs do it, didst thou say, Martha?"

"It is not wig, I tell thee, child. It is Whig."

"Does it mean the way a man is moved, Martha?"

"Yes, child, by the devil."

"Martha tell me 'bout him, wilt thou? I never heard thee speak of two moves before. Thou hast always said, 'Child, if thou prayest and waitest, thou wilt be moved to do the thing pleasing to the Lord.' "

"That is the trouble; the Whigs did

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not wait. Do thou now ask no more questions, but put the cloth on the table. When thou hast done that, get out the best china; for the Friend who so honors us is in close Friendship to a Tory named Howe. It is from Friend John all news of these disturbances come. The city of Philadelphia is threatened by such heresy as asking one that is called a minister—his name is Duché—to open war with prayer. Run away, wee one, now, and do as I bid thee. I am given to too much speaking through temporal excitement. Do thou forget it, child. It is not good for thee to be too wise. Innocence and simplicity are much to be desired.”

As the two were progressing with the dinner, Friend Hezekiah, with Friend John, returned.

“Thou wilt sit here, if thou art willing, in the shade, while thou dost rest from the ride.”

“Friend Hezekiah, there is no rest for thee and me. While thou canst not

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shed blood, thou and I can so act as to aid the Crown. Tory thou art."

Arabella's ears were opened wide. "Hezekiah a Tory! Then it was not his wig!"

And John continued, "Tory thou wilt always be. That Whig, Otis, with his ideas of rights, is stirring up great strife."

"But I cannot help it. I have appeared in supplication, but do not seem to be convinced; so will not ally myself to either side."

"But listen, canst thou, to the courage of the man, if he think to conquer the King of England?"

"Thou must pity the disappointment time will bring."

"Father wilt thou and Friend John be seated at our simple meal?"

"Martha," said Friend John, "I have not often been so blessed, since the Lord called Sarah away, as to sit down where women folk were. Thou hast brought light into thy father's home, of which thou must be ever mindful." As Ara-

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bella took her seat, he continued, "And, Martha, thou still feelest called upon to keep the child, dost thou?"

"Friend John, Arabella is mine. Father has so felt called to give her to me."

"And if thou shouldst join thy life, Martha, with another, wouldst thou still feel called to keep the foundling?"

"If thou feelest pleased to be reminded, I think this an unfitting time to talk about these conditions of life. They have not been in my thoughts."

"Might they not be in thy thoughts, Martha, if thou wouldst permit thyself to be moved from the child, who seems to fill all thy mind? Look into thy heart and see if there is not some one who needs thee to help bear the burdens the Lord has sent?"

The Quakeress' glance fell upon the little girl, whose lips were white and quivering. She sat at the opposite side of the table, and Martha saw what she had never seen in the youthful face before.

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“If thou art of the same mind, I should like to ask thee somewhat of the feeling of the Friends in Philadelphia. It is long since father has felt that the ride could be safely taken up to the city, for his health is somewhat poorly.”

“That is what I feel, Martha, should lead thee to consider the state of union. I feel thou wouldst not be so blind spiritually, if it were not that thou art so affected by the foundling, who seems to have led thee from thy people and from the natural call of woman’s heart, a companion.”

Then Arabella pushed back her chair, and slid out of it.

“Yes, I am moved. Thou didst move me. Thou!” pointing her finger at Friend John.

“Arabella! Arabella!”

“Martha, I must speak, ’cause I am moved. He is a mean old John. I wish I was a wig, and I’d kill you. Yes, I would,” addressing John, “so thou couldst not get Martha. That is jus’ why

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thou wantest to get Martha away from me, so thou canst have her, too.”

“Arabella!” The Quakeress was at her side. “Hush! thou must not,” as she tried to lead her away.

“Do n’t! I am not through being moved! Wilt thou let me finish, Martha? I will pray every night, John, the wigs will get thee. Yes I will. Then thou wilt be a foundling too, only thou wilt not have Martha.”

As the Quakeress reached the door and forced the child out, she following her, Arabella screamed, “The wigs will get thee, so there, and give thee to the fishes.”

Alone with the child, Martha took her in her arms.

“Oh, what hast thou done? Thou hast—”

Then Arabella’s arms were around her neck. “But I love you so; dost thou love me?” The large, dreamy eyes, full of tears, were turned upon her. “Dost thou, Martha?”

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“Thou knowest I do, wee one. Better than any other living thing, I love thee.”

“Then, Martha, I am sorry thou hast to reprove me. But if thou must, let it be jus’ to sit and look at John, and *pretend* I am not moved. Truly, Martha, that will be the very worst reproving, and I shall be punished dreadfully. But because thou lovest me, I will even do that for *thee*, so thou wilt feel thou hast done what is for my good and for thy conscience, as thou hast told me.”

“Thou must apologize to Friend John. He is in my father’s house. Thou must not only always be just, but thou must bear injustice, especially when the Friend is thy neighbor in heart and at thy table. Thou must tell Friend John thou art sorry.”

“Martha, wouldst thou teach me to lie?”

“Arabella!” Terror was apparent in the Quakeress’ face. “Thou hast lost all love for”—

“No, don’t say for *thee*! I could not



“The wigs will get thee, so there!”

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bear that. Thou shouldst not ask me to lie. Thou hast taught me it is the coward's sword, and always used from the back. It cuts, but it is never seen."

"I did not tell thee to lie."

"Thou toldest me to tell John"—

"Say Friend."

"He is not my friend. He is only mean John, and I am not sorry. I am glad I told him."

"Hush, I will leave thee here. I must go to the table."

"Wilt thou let me tell John I am sorry I hurt thy feelings?"

"That is not enough, child."

"What dost thou s'pose Friend Hezekiah will think?"

"That thou hast been very unkind to his friend, that came to visit him; and thou mayest make thy Friend Hezekiah afraid to bring any one else here."

"Would he? Dost thou s'pose that he would take me and leave me like my papa did?"

"No child, never. Thou art mine."

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But thou hast hurt him sorely, I am sure."

"Wilt thou take me back with thee? I want my dinner, and I 'm convinced 'bout Friend Hezekiah."

Leading the child by the hand, the young Quakeress again opened the door into the dining-room. Arabella, when she drew near the table, gave a straight look into John's face—her expression said "Do n't say it again." She went to the old man who had protected her, and threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming "My very best friend Hezekiah, do forgive me for being rude at thy table! I will never, never do it again. Thou art so good to me. Thou givest me all I have to eat, and didst take me from the boat-man, and gave me to thy Martha. Now she is mine and thine. I am so sorry. Dost thou forgive me that I hurt thee?" She turned her face to his. "Dost thou forgive me?"

"Yes, child; eat thy dinner in silence," which command was obeyed to the letter.

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The conversation that had been interrupted, seemed to be taken up at that point.

“Yes, these rebels will get enough. British soldiers will, if necessary, mow them down.”

“Friend John, dost thou feel there is justice in this action?”

“I feel that our friends have been persecuted.”

“I wish that we had some one, who could take the place of Friend William Penn, and reason with these people, even as he did with the Indians, who listened to the word of God and about heaven. Thou wilt remember the treaties, kept by the strings of wampum, were never broken. Thou canst see if thou couldst only influence”—

✓ “Friend Hezekiah, the British mean fight, and thou must see some cause, for thou art a man of wisdom and learning, and so considered in the quarterly meeting. Thou must keep in readiness to aid the British whenever they appear, and to

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keep from thy door such Americans as would ask alms.”

“Friend John, thinkest thou this is in keeping with”—

“Think thou nothing that is disloyal to George the Third and Great Britain. Patrick Henry, if the Tories can but capture him, will be sent to England and made to answer for treason to the king.”

Hezekiah’s face was crimson as they left the table, and his daughter had much difficulty to keep up a show of hospitality. She tried to convince herself she felt Friend John in the right on the war question, but her feelings were, perhaps, more fully defined in her reply to an inquiry from Arabella.

“Martha, thou toldest me much talk of wars and fighting would brew trouble, didst thou not?”

“Yes, thou hast remembered it well.”

“And thou didst tell me it was not pleasing to the Lord?”

“Yes.”

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“Then thou knowest John is not agreeable to the Lord. Is he, thinkest thou?”

“I can not pass an opinion on so weighty a matter. That would be a subject to lay before the quarterly meeting, if thou wert old enough and a born Friend.”

“If thou wert in the quarterly meeting, and I were born and old enough, wouldst thou have me say ‘Friend John is a man after mine own heart and pleasing to me?’”

“Child, we do not say it after that manner.”

“But, s’pose we did, wouldst thou say that?”

“Wee one, thou art too old for thy years.”

“Wilt thou not answer? Please do!” and she threw her arms about the Quakeress’ waist, as she stood before her.

“No, I would not say that. Art thou happy now? I am thy Martha, child.”

“Oh, joy! joy! joy! Thou wilt not go to take care of John?”

“Be quiet. Every one hath a right to

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his opinion. Because I do not fully believe in all Friend John says, it is no reason he is not right. He may change his views, if he appears in supplication, and the troublesome times pass over. But you see, child, all this talk of England's dues and America's wrongs is continually brewing trouble."

The rest of the day Arabella spent in household cares, and when John drove away from the farm she drew a sigh of relief. That night she could not sleep; the day had been so eventful. Jack's revelations and her home experience had made her old in wisdom. While thus lying quietly in her room adjoining the living-room, she heard Hezekiah speaking.

"Martha, the child, Friend John thinks, ought to have a stronger hand than thine to guide her. He fears, through thee, she will suffer spiritually. He is so inclined to believe that Puritans should have charge of her. What thinkest thou? That the little one is to evil inclined?"

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Arabella lay shivering. What would Martha say?

“Thou hast given thy word. Arabella is mine and thine. I love to watch her childish ways. There is no guile in them. Leave her to thy example, thou hast been my guide. She loves me, father, and *thee*.”

The little hands lay mute upon the heaving chest, the whispered words were uttered out of an overflowing heart, “I do love thee, Martha.”

“Thou dost see, Friend John has a spiritual guidance toward thee. He would join thy life to his, and thinks thou mightst serve better the will of the Lord together than walking alone. Thou didst not give opportunity or thou wouldst have heard from him his conviction, that appeareth to have been of some time standing. What thinkest thou? John is a faithful follower. Thou mightst not find for thy companion another as worthy thy life.”

“If thou wilt tell John, it is well he hath

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confided to thee his thoughts; for thou knowest it is painful to wound the feelings of a friend. But the call seemeth not to have reached me. I only feel the need of Arabella and thee.”

“Thou mayest be alone some day, the child gone, and the allotted time for thee and me to be together passed. Then thou mightst be protected”—

“No, thou wilt not press this subject. I could not leave thee for John. Think—est thou not he is somewhat heated in his judgment of the Whigs?”

“All men are not by nature alike. His ideas and mine are not in perfect unison about war. There is something to be said for the Americans. My judgment tells me—but thou and I will have naught to do with this strife. I would help the sufferer on either side, if he came to my door.”

“I am much pleased to hear thee speak thus. I fear I have been too severe in my thought of the rebels. Friend John’s remarks have opened my eyes to see how

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easy it is to err. I think his visit hath taught me much.”

“Martha, dost thou not think it would seem pleasing in the eyes of the Lord to ask at meeting, the seventh day, what thou hadst best do to overcome the child’s violent temper? Friend John doth think thou art very wrong in managing her according to thy own conceit. Thinkest thou it would be wise to take counsel of the Friends? I am slow to say it, but the idea is one to consider, for I am somewhat brought to see that the child doth stand in thy light.”

“Nay, father, be not led by false prophets. Arabella *can not* come under the guidance of the meeting, for she has not a birthright inheritance. I simply live up to the doctrine of befriending all classes and conditions without regard to consequences.”

“But one of the Puritans might be willing to take her, as she is not of our sect, and then there would be no call upon thee, for she would be well provided for.”

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“The child would suffer agony if taken from me. Thou didst give her to me. Thy word was passed that she should be mine. The word of a Friend, thou knowest, can not be broken. Tell this to John and that, as thou hast so spoken, it can not be undone; the child is mine.”

“Thy heart is strangely knit to the little girl. Suppose the Frenchman should claim her, what then?”

“Thou must not try me too far. He will not come. I am so moved to believe that the child is *mine*.”

“And dost thou not think she would leave thee to go to the man?”

“Never; I tell thee she is *mine*.”

“So be it. Mayest thou not find trouble from thy blind love.”

Arabella, from this hour, felt a change toward Hezekiah. He would please John if Martha would permit it. But tired with listening to this long debate about her, she fell asleep, conscious that Martha was hers.

CHAPTER VI

Life at the farm of Friend Hezekiah went on much the same for the next month, and, as the Quakeress had taught Arabella to sew, she, with her consent, spent one day each week with Jack and his brothers, doing the mending.

“The third day,” Martha said, “will be the most desirable.”

Hezekiah paid little or no attention to the friendship of the child for the boys. His daughter, in her simplicity, never thought to ask what the drift of their conversation was, supposing it to be about the kneeless trousers or toeless stockings, from the samples she saw, for when the case was too desperate for Arabella, she rolled the work up, and took it to Martha and asked for her help.

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Autumn had now set in, and the days of cider and apples and pop-corn and "nigger-toe" nuts had come. Pumpkin pies, doughnuts, and the salt-rising bread often found their way from Martha's larder to Jack's. She kept him supplied with yeast cakes, which Maple called cookies; for she said, "Jack, do thou not try salt-rising. Thou wilt waste the flour." And Arabella, as she entered the kitchen one frosty morning, exclaimed, "Martha says thou must only use one half, dost thou understand? Only one half of this yeast cake to a baking, 'cause they are extra strong. Dost thou know what that means, Jack?"

"Goosie, of course I do. The empty-ings might taste in the bread."

"I am not a Goosie. I am a bird, and that is the reason I always sit by thee, 'cause thou art the Oak."

"Arabella, I would not move a branch to frighten thee away."

"Oh, thou art a Quaker, too? Thou saidst 'thee.' Yes, thou didst. Now

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thou *belongest*, but thou and I are not *born*."

"I would like to know what did happen then."

"Why don't you see, when we are moved and say thee and thou, and—let me think—oh, yes, and thy, then we 'belong,' but we are not 'born.' I am so glad, Oak, that thou dost. Art thou glad thou dost 'belong' with me?" And, as Jack stooped down to put some wood on the fire, her little hand rested on his head. He kept his position a moment, while he laid his hand on hers, and then she placed the other on his.

"Now answer, or thou canst not rise."

"Say what, Birdie?"

"That thou belongest to me, too."

"Yes, I do, body and boots."

"And thy hat, too. Thou must always wear it, and when thou goest to meeting, thou must not take it off, nor stay on my side."

"I must not. Well, just see here, I am on your side, though."

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“Well, s’pose we jus’ do n’t go to meeting anyhow, ’cause—I ’ll tell thee why, if thou wilt just keep quiet—’cause if thou dost not, we ’ll brew sure as anything, ’cause I brewed. Yes, I did,” as she saw a smile on his face.

“Well, tell me about it.”

“S’pose I will, but I do n’t think I am truly moved, but I want to.”

“Well, Birdie, go ahead. But see this first.”

“Oh, how lovely! A little pig! How white it is.”

“It is for Martha. Do you think she will like it?”

“Oh, truly. How good thou art to think. I wonder if all boys are as nice as thou?”

“You have four others to judge from.”

“Oh, yes, but then I like them ’cause thou art their brother. Dost thou think thou canst ever be a John?”

Arabella looked sad. Jack’s laughing hurt her.

“Martha says thou must not laugh in-or-di-nate-ly.”

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“In what?”

“Yes, I am sure that is it, 'cause Martha told me, and told me the word, and then found it in the speller, and I know that 's it.”

“Why did Martha say you must not laugh inordinately?”

“Because it is not pleasing to the Lord to trifle.”

“Well, Birdie, as thou fearest John, it would not be a trifle to wake up and find myself Friend John.”

“I mean when thou art a big man, wilt thou be like him?”

The kitchen door opened, and Jack's father came in. He was a fine specimen of manhood, tall and straight, with a kindly Scotch-Irish face. He led little Henry by the hand, and he appeared much excited.

“Father, is there any news?”

“Yes, Jack. The Second Continental Congress has just met at Philadelphia. It voted to raise twenty thousand men. I am one of them. I have held back too long now for my country's good, because

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of you children. Jack, be a man. You are now fifteen. Look after your brothers and keep the red-coats off the farm. If you hear any news of the doings of the British that will aid your country, see that our army gets it, if you walk into death to deliver it. And, Jack, if bad comes to worse, leave the boys with this little maiden, and take your gun for liberty. And if the American cause needs anything you have, give it, even to the last drop of your blood. Now, I have no time to lose." And, turning to Arabella: "What say you, little girl? Your family, I suppose, are Tories. So you may not be allowed to comfort the boys, but, as Quakers, they may permit it. Do n't disturb your people with war records from here."

"I 'll do jus' as the Oak tells me."

"But you must obey those who take care of you."

"Yes, I do obey Martha. Thou knowest she is good."

"Well, will you take care of the boys?"

"Oh, yes, jus' as well as I can. And

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if John talks any more about wigs, I'll run and tell the Oak."

"Who is John?" queried Mr. Allen.

"Oh, he said, 'Kill the Yankees.' What are they?"

"Why Jack and the other boys."

"Oh, my! then I'll watch John jus' as close as I can, 'cause he 's mean."

"And if a man with a red coat comes, will you tell Jack?" he said, smiling at her earnestness.

"Will he be a wig?"

"No, he would be a Tory."

"A Tory," she repeated. "Would he kill Patrick Henry?"

"Surely, and consider England owed him a debt of gratitude. What do you know about Patrick Henry?"

"John talked about him and Otis, but I must be brewing, 'cause thou lookest so cross."

"You must be what?"

"Martha says talking of war brews strife and trouble."

"Jack, you will not get lonely if this

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little girl visits you often. But I am wasting precious time. It means to horse now as quickly as possible.”

Jack followed his father to his room.

“My son,” he said, as he took some papers from a drawer, “guard these, and I think you had better be a little careful about the child from the Quakers. They are not in sympathy with us, and it is evident they have Tory friends.”

“Father, she would die before harming us.”

“Certainly, my son; but she is so guileless that it may be spoken of thoughtlessly. Never say to her anything that will necessitate implying, do n’t tell, or keep it from this Martha she talks about. Never, even for the sake of your country, lead an unsuspecting child into such trouble. She evidently trusts you. What she seems willing to tell of her own volition is one thing. Ask her no questions the Quakeress might not hear. Be a man of honor above all things. Now, be kind and watchful of

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your brothers, and I will let you hear from me as the opportunity presents itself."

He then bade a tender farewell to his children. The two younger were in passionate grief. The strong man trembled, as he forced them from him, and threw himself into the saddle, while he brushed the tears from his eyes.

Arabella, from that moment, commenced her work of love. She soothed the little Henry in her own childish arms, and, at the same time, talked to Darius of the time when his father would return.

"Thou must jus' think he has gone up to the city to buy cows, and by-and-by he will come back, and Bossie will give thee nice milk."

"It's no such thing, you know; so there," retorted Darius.

"Jus' pretend."

"No, I won't pretend."

"Well, perhaps it's best not, 'cause Martha says, 'Wishing for things brews discontent.' " Then with words of com-

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fort she at last calmed them. "Thou hast as much to cry for as I have now; only see, I do n't."

"Why?"

" 'Cause it makes Martha feel sad."

"I have n't any Marfa."

"Well, thou hast me."

"Will you be our Marfa?"

"Yes, I 'll try, Henry; but I cannot be as good as the really, truly one, 'cause she is 'born'."

In spite of his ill-concealed grief, Jack smiled.

"Well, Birdie, you are born enough for us."

Then Joe spoke up. "Do you s'pose the Quakeress would let you stay here all the time this winter, while pap is away and Henry has the croup so often?"

"Oh, my! Joe, I could not, 'cause nights I must see Martha, or else I—well, I s'pose I 'd cry too. Then thou wouldst not want me."

"How about your coming every day?"

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asked the morose Fred, who almost never talked to Arabella.

“I ’ll do that, Bass, true as thou wantest me.”

“Perhaps she won’t let you,” chimed in Darius.

“Yes she will, when I tell her thou hast no mother, and thy father has gone to the war.”

Oh, the temptation in Jack’s heart to tell her not to say why or where his father had gone, but the admonition he had just received had sunk deep into his heart. He only said, “I hope Martha will let you come.”

“She will, ’cause she is good. Thou dost not know, ’cause thou hast no Martha that ’s ‘born’.”

The older boys felt inclined to laugh at her odd way of expressing herself, but their hearts had grown tender toward the little girl in the gray dress and poke bonnet, who came and helped them.

“I do hope you will be here every morning.”

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“S’pose it snows, oh, so high?”

“Look here, Birdie, if you will come over here every day this winter,” said Jack, “the first thing I do when I get up will be to shovel a path for thee.”

The boys shouted, “Jack’s a Quaker too! Hear him say ‘thee!’”

“Well, I would n’t wonder much if we all said ‘Thee’ before winter is gone,” said Darius.

“Thou jus’ make the path, Oak, and I will walk in it. And here I have not done any of the mending thou hadst for me, ’cause thou hadst so many stirring things going on. Martha calls this sort of a day a distraction day, and says ‘Child, thou must work the harder to-morrow.’”

Arabella put the gray bonnet on as the sun began to hide behind the hills.

“Birdie, I will go over to the farm with thee, and carry the present.”

So the two started off. Jack shifted his load from one shoulder to the other.

“Oak, let me help thee carry it.”

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“You, a girl, carry a pig.”

“Martha says ‘We must bear each other’s burdens,’ and she do n’t say anything ’bout girls need n’t. So now, please give it to me.”

“Not a bit of a pig do you carry when I am along, or any other burden, if I can help it.”

When, at the door, Arabella pulled the latch-string.

“Go in, Oak.”

The Quakeress stood by the table. She started in dismay.

“Child, what hast thou?”

“A pig! a pig!”

Jack walked up and laid it on the table.

“Miss——”

He could go no further, for the little girl exclaimed, “Thou must not say ‘Miss!’ ”

Jack seemed embarrassed.

“That is so, Jack. Thou forgettest; just the plain Martha. But didst thou bring this on thy shoulder all the way?”

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"I did not mind that," he replied, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Arabella walked so fast it made me warm to keep up with her."

"Jack, tell what thou didst bring it for."

"A thank-offering for dinner, if thou wilt accept it."

"Thou art kind. My father will like it very much. We shall be happy in the eating to know thou didst think of us."

"I must hurry back now, Arabella." And Jack lifted his hat to the Quak-
erness.

"Shall I run jus' to the bars to keep thee company, Oak?"

"If thou wilt."

A smile lighted up Martha's serious countenance as she heard the manner of addressing the child. The two went out together. As they walked on, the little girl faced Jack.

"Oak, why didst thou not tell Martha thy father had gone to the war?"

A moment's silence, then a straightforward look into that bonnet.

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"I did not think it best. Martha is kind to consent to your coming to us. She is very thoughtful for our comfort. She did not ask me any questions. Would it be polite to tell her, in her own house, that my father had gone out to fight for the rights he believed we should have and she believes we should not have? I ought not to tell her unless she asks."

"Oak, art thou a Tory?"

"No, Birdie, thou seemest to have a hard time arranging the Tories and Whigs. John, thou tellest me about, must be a Tory, if he does not admire Patrick Henry."

"Then, Jack, I am a wig, 'cause I could not be what John is. If I were, I might want him to take Martha. P'raps I would be moved so I should have to tell him. No, I am a wig. Jack, art thou?"

"You just be sure I am to my fingertips. Martha is a Tory, is n't she?"

"Now, Oak, jus' you see here: don't

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ask idle questions, 'cause I do n't know them. And if Martha is a Tory, I do n't want to know that either. 'Cause I s'pect if I asked her she would likely ask me. I do not want to tell, if I am not jus' like her exactly, 'cause she might feel bad, and Friend Hezekiah might be moved to tell old John. No, I will only tell thee 'bout it, but I truly am a wig. Here are the bars, so I will leave thee."

"Good-night, Birdie."

She waved her hand, and ran back in the twilight.

CHAPTER VII

The next morning Arabella finished her little duties, and then, approaching the Quakeress, said: "Dear Martha, if thou art willing, I should like to go to Jack's again."

"Child, thou wert there all last third day."

"I should like, if it please thee, to go first day, second day, third day, fourth day, fifth day, sixth day, and, Martha, seventh day."

"Child, wouldst thou leave me? Dost thou wish to live there?"

Into her arms went the little girl.

"Oh, oh, no! Only their father has gone, and their mother is in heaven, and they jus' said, 'S'pose I could be their Martha for a little while every day.' 'Cause it is so long till dark comes, and

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thou knowest, now, Jack will be out so much on the farm, 'cause his father said he must. And I did not mend—'cause, —well, 'cause I did not, on third day."

"Child, dost thou know when the father will be back?"

"No, I did not ask. Thou dost tell me it is not prof'ble to meddle."

"Go, and be happy. But see thou art home early. Here are some fresh tarts for the boys. Thou mightst ask them to come to dinner with thee when the pig is cooked.'

Away went Arabella. Martha, left to herself, continued to discuss aloud the Allen family.

"I am rather persuaded this neighbor's a Whig, but I am not going to ask the question that will prove it. The child doth have but slight pleasure at the best, and to take the companionship of these children from her might call up the temper she seems not able to control at times. Then she is doing good. It is a lesson that cannot be learned too early.

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My father said he would not turn a Whig from his door if he were in need. The children might suffer, were the child to leave them without any help from her. No, it seemeth best to send the doughnuts and ask no questions."

So the little Allens, through two long winters, had Arabella every day, and her mind really seemed to grasp all the information she received from Jack. He loved to see the astonishment in the child's face, as he tried to explain to her the meaning of the difficulties between England and America. She listened to the story of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and all other war news which he heard. It had reached every fireside and quickened the action of heart and brain in old and young. Jack had waited and watched in vain for tidings from his father for several months. At last suspense became unbearable to the anxious boy, and he determined to go up to Philadelphia and see if he could learn anything about him.

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Arabella was downcast and disheartened when the time arrived for Jack's departure. She went early to the farm to see him off, and walked to the corners with him; after which she returned to the boys, but remained only a short time. She shared Jack's anxiety about his father, and she wanted to be alone. On reaching home, she went about her duties silently, and kept out of doors as much as possible, that Martha might not notice her red eyes, for she did cry when Jack took that gray bonnet by the sides, and said "Birdie, take good care of yourself until I get back."

It was a long day without Jack, but it had its end; and the following morning Arabella looked about for constant occupation until time for him to return. She prepared a pan of meal, and, sitting down on the steps, she called the chickens about her and began feeding them. Suddenly her attention was attracted by the sound of some one approaching the house. She turned to look toward the

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road, when, to her dismay, she saw Friend John. She sprang to her feet, letting fall her pan of meal; she heeded not the flight of the frightened chickens; she did not wait to see the effect of her excited retreat; but, opening the door of the kitchen, and, not seeing the Quakeress, she called, "Martha, dear; dear Martha! Oh, where art thou? Don't let him coax thee away—wilt thou? wilt thou?"

"What art thou saying?" And Martha hastened to the child. "Art thou hurt? Thy voice has pain in it."

"John! Oh! John is here! Wilt thou hide?"

"Oh, no. Thou needest not fear. Friend John will not harm thee. He does not wish to cause thee unhappiness, child."

"No, but thee. He will take thee."

"No, child, thou needest not fear for me."

"Oh, Martha, please let me hide while he is here."

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“Very well, if thou wilt be happier.”

As Friend John came in Arabella sat by the window in her own room darning.

“Friend Hezekiah, thou seest now the true danger of permitting thy pity to go out to a rebel. Bennington has just been lost to us, but Burgoyne will not leave one of their men this side of the water. I will give all I own, I tell thee, Hezekiah, to help England. Howe is now preparing to strike Philadelphia; thou mayest see him here. I have given thy name and house as a safe place for secret meetings. So thou wilt understand it. Thou art loyal, Hezekiah?”

“Thou canst not doubt, John, my willingness to serve my king, but I will not be a party to bloodshed. If my house is desired for rest and peaceful conversation, it is well. What the king demands, I will do as a subject. Art thou willing to take up arms or bind thyself?”

“If needs be.”

“Ought not our birthright inheritance

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to be first considered? Would a Friend be judged by the elders as being moved aright to so do?"

"Hezekiah, I am fully convinced of my duty."

"Art thou not being led by thy sympathy, rather than by thy judgment? Thou hadst better think earnestly, or thou mayest regret it. John, let us remain in peace. I am to be relied upon for secrecy."

And here the subject was dropped.

"Has Martha changed her views of the desirability of the state of companionship, thinkest thou?"

"I fear thou hast little to hope, John, from her. She seemeth so to believe that her duty is to her father."

"Why dost thou say 'father', when that child standeth in the way of her progression?"

"Well, Martha is near unto twenty-seven years. She is now fit to judge for herself without guidance, only from the spoken words of the Friends at meeting.

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I feel I must leave so important a matter with her.”

“And the child; dost thou approve of her action in regard to the foundling?”

“Friend John, my word hath passed to Martha that I would permit her to keep Arabella in my house. Thou canst see that it must remain so. The child really seems a quiet, peaceful one.”

“Dost thou think so? If thou wert to tell of her temper—”

“John, knowest thou not flesh is weak? especially young flesh?”

The Quakeress came in, and John seemed anxious to see her alone; but as Hezekiah showed no signs of going out, John, addressing himself to her, said: “The day is very warm. Wilt thou go with me to the spring for water to drink?”

She rose, and he followed her out. She knew what she must hear, and fortified herself for it.

“This is a pleasant place, Martha; but thou hast talents given thee by the Lord that are going to waste in this country

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life. Thou shouldst be heard at the meeting and the mid-week gatherings of the Friends. Thou canst not help our work as thou art now. I have thought much about thy good and welfare. Martha, thou art a comely woman. I feel that the Lord hath to tell thee, through his servant, all these things, and that, if thou wilt consent, I am persuaded I should be the one to lead thee into broader fields." He reached out and took her hand. "I am really moved to believe thou shouldst walk by my side as my helpmeet. Wilt thou? Now, Martha, speak of thy feelings."

"Friend John, thou hast been very generous to think of me as thy helpmeet, and be willing to take me from the life thou thinkest is too narrow; but thou knowest my father needs me, and I have not been led to feel that I was called to broader fields. Thy willingness to have me with thee always is somewhat to my worldly good; and, as thou sayest, for my spiritual advancement, also. But,

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Friend John, I hope thou wilt know how painful it is to tell thee, I have not been called to enter that serious condition of life thou hast mentioned."

"It is the child that keeps thee from me. Would our lives be joined if thou hadst not taken her?"

His keen glance did not escape his companion.

"Friend John, I must first be moved. Thou wouldst not want me without the guidance of the spirit?"

"I would take thee any way if thou wouldst come."

"I can not, Friend John, feeling as thou seest I do."

He turned to his horse, which was browsing in the yard.

"Tell Friend Hezekiah I will see him at another time."

"Wilt thou not stop for dinner, Friend John?"

"I will not wait now. I hope thou wilt feel differently when I come again."

As she turned to the house, a little,

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white face was raised from the window sill, where every word had been heard. The spring was at the side of the house next her window. As the Quakeress came around to the kitchen, Arabella, bonnet in hand, passed out of the door leading from the living room. Hezekiah was dozing in his big chair, and she went noiselessly by, that he might not be disturbed. Across lots to the boys she ran, and Martha, looking in her room, said, "The child may not have come in here, but may have gone into the field for flowers. Better so, as she seemeth to be overcome with her fear of Friend John. I regret much that he hath so spoken, that the child knows she is not pleasing in his sight. Who can that be?" as again, the sound of horses' hoofs coming rapidly up the gravel path, caused her to hasten to the door. Daniel threw himself from the saddle, almost at the moment she appeared on the porch.

"Daniel, what is wrong with thee?" as she noted his excitement.

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“Put on thy bonnet; lose not a moment. Jane is very ill. I fear that it is the will of the Lord that she shall be called away.”

During this conversation they were making their way to Hezekiah, still asleep in his chair.

“Father, Daniel is here.”

He opened his eyes.

“Daniel, oh, yes. Thou lookest heated.” Then, as he stretched himself and rubbed his eyes: “Thou lookest troubled, Daniel.”

A hasty explanation followed. Martha arranged a few things about the house, and the chore-boy harnessed the horse to a wagon, as there was no time for walking.

“Where is the child?” asked Hezekiah.

“Dost thou consent to her wandering where she will?” asked Daniel.

For some unspoken reason his sister did not tell just where she thought she might be, but said: “I will not wait to see her. She will come in soon. Father,

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just thou tell the child where I have gone, and that thou and she will look after the house, if thou wilt."

Then to the chore-boy other orders were given: the kitchen fire was not to be forgotten, and the last detail regarding the care of the family was mentioned, as if the going was for a month.

"Observe that the child is not given any hard task," was Martha's parting admonition, as she picked up the reins and drove away after her brother, who was hastening on before.

Meanwhile Arabella was seated on the side porch of Jack's house, apparently with something serious on her mind.

"Birdie, what are you thinking about?"

"Oak, I am brewing; true I am."

"Well, suppose you brew out loud."

Her face was flushed, and she pushed back her hair, as she threw the gray bonnet down beside her. Jack took one of the golden curls in his fingers, and pretended to pull it.

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"Tell me what has happened. It must be Friend John."

"That is jus' it," and she threw her head back in a defiant manner; "that is the very one. Oh, thou dost not know how 'fraid I am of him."

"Now, see here, Birdie, Martha will not let him hurt thee. Is he there now?"

"Oh, dost thou s'pose I would leave Martha 'lone with him?"

Jack struggled manfully to suppress a smile, for well he knew the sensitive little heart was in too serious a mood to bear even the shadow of levity.

"What had he to say, Arabella?"

"Thou must be very, very serious if I tell thee, and the Elm, or no one else must know, 'cause prob'ly it is wrong to talk about it, but you see I have jus' commenced brewing, and I can't stop."

"I am waiting if thou wishest to tell."

"Well, I do wish to tell thee; and, as Friend Hezekiah knows and I know, s'posin' thou dost know, too. It is only one more. Martha wiii not care, and

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mean old John; thou canst do what thou pleasest to him. I wish he were a pair of shoes, and I would put him on, and jus' run up and down on the gravel road, where Martha says I must not walk, 'cause it scuffs my shoes out. I wish—yes I do—I wish he was my ugliest doll I had at the chateau, and I would throw him on a stone and break his head, and then I would not have him mended."

Jack looked in amazement. Her doll in the chateau! He knew enough to understand well that this did not refer to her life at the farm, and curiosity prompted the question, "Where did you live before you came here?"

"Now, Oak, I will not brew that way, 'cause at the chateau we did not brew, or move, only my papa said, 'You must not talk about anything but your dolls;' so I can only talk about—well, jus' things here."

"Canst thou talk in French?"

"Yes, I can, 'cause I always think in French."

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“Does Martha speak it?”

“No, but the chore-boy does; and Martha says ‘Child, speak it to the chore-boy when thou hast something to communicate to him, for thou ought to remember thy mother-tongue.’”

“Strange, I never heard thee speak a word of it before.”

“Thou hast not heard what John did. Well, he asked Martha to be his helpmeet. What kind of meat is that?”

Jack threw his arms around her.

“My little sister!” he exclaimed, as he kissed her forehead, “it is the sweetest kind of meat, and some day, when you are big, you will taste it.” And he laughed aloud as he let her go.

“Oh, thou art poking fun at me.”

“You are—oh well, odd; and thou knowest I have no sister, so I am not used to girls’ ways.”

“I have only the chore-boy; and Martha says ‘Be very kind, but not familiar with the chore-boy, child.’ I will tell thee no more. I must go home. Didst

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thou hear from thy father when thou didst go to the city? Martha says, if the times were not so troublesome she would take me up to Philadelphia; that the gray in my bonnet and dress look green from the many wettings through the winter. Thou hast not told me of thy father."

Jack's voice trembled, as he said: "He was in the battle of Bennington, and escaped unharmed; but I do not like to tell the many sorrowful things that happened to others. I will walk part way with thee, when I tell the boys to start our dinner. I wish you would n't go."

"No, I best go home."

They walked along over the green grass. The birds were singing, and all thought of care left the young hearts, as they talked of the long summer days in which they had roamed the fields over for flowers and berries. As they reached the bars, Jack let them down; then said: "Now, I am going back. Good-bye, Birdie."

She waved the bonnet, the strings of

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which were held tightly in her hand, and ran on until her home was reached. As Arabella entered the kitchen it was with surprise at not seeing the Quakeress at this hour preparing the mid-day meal.

“Martha!” Then, as no answer came, she screamed: “M-a-r-t-h-a.”

As she opened the door leading to the living-room, Friend Hezekiah met her.

“Child, Martha has gone.”

She heard no more.

“Oh, Martha, thou didst tell him thou wouldst not ! Oh, Hezekiah, why didst thou send her to that wicked John? Oh, I shall run—oh, where shall I run?”

The Quaker, by this time completely overcome by the child's sobbing as she sank into a chair, could only say: “Thou must not cry. She will be soon with thee.”

She heard him not.

“Oh, that wicked John! Why didst thou send her, when she told him she was not moved?”

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At last the truth came into Hezekiah's mind.

Laying his hand tenderly on her head, he said: "Child, Daniel came for her. Jane lieth very low, and Martha bid thee do the work for thee and me until she can come back; dost thou understand?"

"Did she go to Daniel's house, Friend Hezekiah?"

"I have told thee so, child."

"I will do as I am bid."

A simple meal was placed before him, and, the work being finished, the child took her bonnet and started off through the fields.

The Quakeress, upon her arrival at her brother's, found that Jane was seriously ill, and there was much to cause her anxiety. She had to trust to her own skill as doctor and nurse, as well as looking after the three small children. Her mind was filled with the surrounding difficulties. As she stood by the fire preparing some milk porridge for Jane in the middle of the afternoon of the day she

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went to Daniel's, she heard the latch-string lifted, but thought nothing of it, supposing it to be one of the children.

"Martha!"

"Thou here!" exclaimed the Quakeress.

Arabella was in her arms. The woman did not speak—only held the passionate child to her heart. She understood.

"Now I have seen thee here, I will go back to Friend Hezekiah's and I will be so good to him for thee. I thought—I did think thou hadst changed thy mind 'bout John's meat."

"About what, child?"

"John's help-meet."

"Oh, thou art making thyself unnecessary trouble. I told thee I would not go to John."

"Papa told me he would not leave me, but he did."

"Child, I have said often, thou art too old for thy years."

Daniel came in and saw his sister still holding Arabella in her arms. He

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frowned, as he asked, "What bringeth thee here?"

The Quakeress replied for her. "She will drive the sorrel home that my father can have him if needs be. Wilt thou bring him up, Daniel?"

When alone: "Do thou not come again, unless my father sends thee. Three miles is not much for thee and me to walk, when there is time; but if thou hadst to go on thy own feet home to-night, it would be dark. Now make no delays, but hasten on thy way and mind, tell my father thou hast been here."

"And wilt thou have me tell him the reason I came to thee?"

"Child, answer whatsoever my father asks thee, just as it is."

After Arabella started, the nurse went back to her patient. The old Quaker asked few questions of the child upon her return, being satisfied with the evidence, which his own eyes saw.

"Didst thou find thy Martha, as I had told thee?"

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“Yes, Friend Hezekiah, just as thou didst tell me.”

He bowed his head.

“Thou dost love her, child?”

“Yes, and so dost thou.”

The hours passed slowly to the little girl, though she found much to keep her busy. The boys did not come to see her, fearing to intrude; and in her loneliness she often asked: “Friend Hezekiah dost thou think Martha will come back soon?”

The third day she received a favorable reply to the question, when he had just returned from Daniel’s. “I think by next seventh day.”

“Oh, it is so long to wait.”

“Thou must make thyself contented. Martha is troubling about thee, for fear thou hast too much for thy small hands to do, but I have comforted her by saying thou hast done well for me.”

“Friend Hezekiah, thou wert good to say that.”

CHAPTER VIII

Jane had recovered; and the quiet tenor of Hezekiah's farm-house had been restored. A little more care had been placed upon Martha, after she returned home, for each first or second day she or the child went over the hills to Daniel's house with a basket filled with such provisions as would lessen the labors of her sister-in-law.

Daniel quite persistently urged that Arabella should remain at his farm for a time, to assist with the work. But to this his sister would not listen. A depression that greatly troubled her, had appeared in the manner of her charge, but, as no word escaped that pointed to the cause, there was nothing tangible in her fears. She had no knowledge of the thrilling events of the war, that were being pic-

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tured to the child in the heat of the excitement at the Allens'. No news had been received for some time of the absent father, and grief marked the faces of the boys, for they feared he had fallen on the field of battle. The strain was great on the high-strung companion of their sorrows. Then the report of the patriots' march through the city of Philadelphia, down Front and up Chestnut streets with the fife and drum playing merrily, was told to Arabella. The facts reached the farm-house almost at the same time.

John came out in great haste and seemed too excited to even think of Martha. He left after a short conversation with the old man, not having dismounted from his horse.

The air seemed filled with forebodings of greater disaster. Arabella saw, from the Quakeress' manner that news of an unpleasant nature had been communicated by John, and, at the first opportunity, she went to report it to Jack, who greeted her so seriously, that she said,

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“Oak, thee seems sad. What troubles thee?”

“The British—the Tories—are getting the best of us. I wish that I might do something for my country.”

“Hast thou heard from thy father?”

“No, and I fear he has met death.”

“Oh, Oak, thou must take heart. He will come back to thee all right; only be brave. Martha says jus’ hope, ’cause that is the most comforting way. Old John has been at our house again. Yes, he has, and he is a Tory.”

“That is right at last. And what am I, Birdie?”

“Oh, a wig, to be sure.”

“Bravo, little Quakeress! You are truly growing wise. What did John say?” continued Jack.

“He jus’ called Friend Hezekiah out. And do you b’lieve, he would not wait to talk to Martha, ’cause he jus’ whispered something and licked his horse until it kicked up so I thought he was going over his head. He is so mean

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even horses do n't like him. No, they do n't, 'cause his was so angry he was all white, and would not stand still. Friend Hezekiah said, 'Friend John, thou hast used thy horse very hard, and the day is warm. Thou hadst best change here, if thou art going to Gray's Hill.' And dost thou know the mean old John left without answering. Friend Hezekiah looked frightened when he had gone. I b'lieve he is 'fraid of him, too. Yes, I do, 'cause he was so still after he left. Oh, my!' exclaimed the child, 'it is growing late. There is the horn!' And she ran away as fast as her feet would carry her, for she noticed a dark cloud rapidly gathering and the wind beginning to blow.

As she reached the farm-house all out of breath, Martha exclaimed: "Arabella, I was greatly troubled about thee, for I fear we are going to have a thunder gust, and thou art too young to be alone on the road at such a time. Dost thou know whether the shutters are closed in

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thy room? If not thou hadst better see to it."

The chore-boy laid a fresh log in the big fire-place, and piled the kindling high in the wood-box by the chimney in the kitchen, for Martha said, "That shed leaks so that every stick will be unfit to use for days."

The predictions proved true. There was little opportunity for the family to sleep that night. Hail-stones rattled against the window-panes, and the wind whistled through every crack and crevice. About four o'clock the old Quaker arose, and his daughter, hearing him move about, knew that an early breakfast would be most acceptable, and so she and Arabella soon had the cloth laid. The food remained almost untouched when they arose from the table. All seemed depressed by the raging storm without. The old man placed a chair before the fire-place, and sat with his back to its red glow. He drew another before him, and, crossing his arms over it, laid

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his head on them. The Quakeress and her charge were busying themselves about the house, when the sound of horses' hoofs attracted their attention. With more spirit than Martha had ever shown before in the presence of the child, she exclaimed, "It must be the Whigs!"

Arabella quickly replied, "It may be the Tories."

The startling remark of intelligence as to party must, at any other time, have surprised the woman, but she now hastened to the large room, followed by the little girl. Just as she reached a window, John appeared in the entrance leading to the side porch. Arabella slipped into her own room, unseen. Martha returned to the kitchen, as Hezekiah came forward to welcome not only John, but two British officers.

The order was immediately given to stable their horses, and John said: "We have no time to lose. Friend Hezekiah, thy house is required for a meeting. Generals Howe and Cornwallis will wait

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here for information. It is well the fog has gathered so dense, as it conceals us from curious eyes."

Hezekiah then said: "You are welcome to all we can do for you and the king. The best room is at your service;" and he opened a door that stuck tight at first from the dampness, and, as it swung back, a cold, penetrating air fell upon the wet and chilled officers. They glanced at the open fire and the cheery surroundings of the living-room, and General Howe remarked, "Why not remain here where it is warm?" Then pointing to the sleeping-rooms, he asked, "Who is in there?"

"Thou canst see. That is mine; those belong to the women, who are at work in the kitchen."

General Howe pushed open one door which was ajar, went to the windows and saw that they were closed. General Cornwallis had examined the others, and, satisfied with the result, they sat down, ordering all the blinds to be drawn.

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"I will see that you have refreshments."

"Not now, Hezekiah," General Howe answered; "after our conference. Business first. See to it we are not interrupted."

Hezekiah and John took refuge in the dining-room.

"Martha, thou wilt see that a hearty meal is provided for our friends." Her father spoke from the door, leading to the kitchen.

"At once?"

This called to his mind the remark of the General, and, turning to John, he asked, "What thinkest thou about the time?"

"I should say an hour or so."

"Hearest thou, Martha?"

"Yes, father. Thou hast not informed me how many will sit at thy table."

"Four. But do not send the child in here for a while. Friend John and I have somewhat to say."

Left alone, the two generals gave an-

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other careful inspection of the windows about them. The door of Arabella's room stood open.

"That will not close tight. The dampness has caused the wood to swell and the latch-string is gone."

"All right, Cornwallis, I have been in there, and peered even into the closet, and was guilty of a woman's trick—lifted the valance and looked under the bed, too."

General Cornwallis laughed.

"Well, then we are safe. However, I suppose that should be taken for granted, as John says this man is to be trusted."

Taking off their coats, they hung them over the chairs to dry. Finally they sat down before the open fire, and held their feet to the heat. Soon the heavy boots began to steam, and they moved slightly back. The occasional crackling from the wood which General Cornwallis took from the box in the chimney corner and threw on the coals, sent out the only sound that could be heard, as each man seemed intent on the business of warming his

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hands. General Howe, after a time, moved to one side.

“That heat burns my face,” he remarked; and, as he changed his position, he faced the entrance to Arabella’s room. His eyes fell upon the snowy pillows.

“I should like to sleep in that bed, Cornwallis.”

The General turned and looked at it.

“Yes, it certainly is more tempting than the road on a night like last. I hope our scout reports punctually.”

Hardly were the words spoken, when a soft tap was heard. The two generals stepped into Arabella’s room, the door being open. As it did not close tight, they watched through the crack to see who the new-comer might be.

Hezekiah also heard the rap, and went to answer it. To his question, “Who art thou?” the pass-word was given. The key turned in the lock, and a scout was admitted. The officers went back to their seats, and the door again swung open before the bed.

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"Your news?" demanded General Howe of the man in British uniform.

"Washington has taken post behind Red Clay Creek, and he seems desirous of an attack."

"The Whig! We will give him one," muttered Howe, as he rose and seated himself before the table, upon which he saw writing materials. He wrote a short time; then, going to the entrance of the dining-room, said: "Give this man something to eat, at once, that he may leave."

Hezekiah reported to Martha.

"Make no delays. He must lose no time," added Howe.

The hostess brought in a well-filled plate. The soldier seated himself and began to do justice to the edibles.

Walking back to the table where lay the message just penned, Howe took it up, re-read it, sat down, and seemed to copy it on a scrap of paper; then sealing the larger missive, he left both on the table.

"General," said Howe, "we must hem

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this Washington in where he is—it is just the place to accomplish our design—to cut him off on the road to Lancaster and Philadelphia. It will be impossible for them to get supplies. Better for us that they die of starvation than in open conflict.”

Here the scout entered, and Howe said: “Take that sealed letter. Never stop until it is delivered into the hands of the one to whom it is addressed.”

The man took up the packet, put it in an inside pocket, buttoned his coat, gave the military salute, and went out by the way he came in.

After some further talk in regard to Washington, Cornwallis said: “I believe I am chilled yet. Suppose we go out and ask for some flip. They must have something of the sort. And we may as well order our breakfast.”

The two men joined Hezekiah and John, and made known their wants. As Howe seated himself, he partially closed the entrance to the living-room.

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On the head-post of Arabella's bed—the one so admired by the General—hung a long, gray cloak, belonging to Martha. From out its shelter now came Arabella. When she fled in dismay from John, and saw the strangers follow him in, her one idea was escape. That accomplished, she found herself a prisoner in her own room. What should she do? Nothing would induce her to face either John or his companions, for she remembered Jack's father told him to beware of the red-coats; and here they were in her own home. While greetings were exchanged between the men, she looked about for a place of concealment. A glance at the bed, and the little form was hidden by the pillows and cloak. From its folds she watched the British officers, with every sense strained to its utmost power. She must not miss a word. She wanted to tell the Oak. As the generals left the living-room, without an instant's hesitation Arabella slipped cautiously to the floor. Her eyes were riveted on the mirror,

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which hung so as to reflect the group gathered round the table.

Cautiously, and with trembling hands, she removed her heavy shoes. The string of one fastened itself into a hard knot when she attempted to untie it. With a supreme effort she broke it, for it was new and quite strong. When it snapped, great beads of perspiration stood on her face, and she appeared to cease breathing for the moment. She watched to see if the little party had heard it. To her the sound came so loud, she would not have been surprised if it had reached Jack's ears. Through her mind passed the admonition Mr. Allen gave his son: "If you hear any news of the doings of the British that will aid your country, see that our army gets it, if you walk into death to deliver it." These words Arabella had repeated to Jack, asking him their meaning. The idea that Jack and death were associated caused her heart to beat wildly, even at this trying moment, and she deter-

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mined, at any risk, to follow Mr. Allen's orders.

She trembled so when she rose from the floor, where she sat while removing her shoes, that the little limbs almost refused to hold her. Still she thought, "Yes, I am a wig, and I must do it, 'cause I must—or I shan't be a wig like the Oak. I will do it quick, while thou art out of the dining-room, Martha, 'cause thou mightst look sad, and I should tell thee. But thou art a Tory, anyway, and the Oak is a wig, and so am I, and John is a Tory. Yes, I will get the paper, 'cause I can."

The chairs on which hung the coats, had been pushed so that they afforded some concealment in case of a sudden move. They were drinking, and all four men seemed in earnest conversation. The noise of the glasses being moved about, also aided in covering any slight rustle of clothing the child might make. She stepped softly and lightly, as she went into the large room, and snatched

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the slip of paper she had seen the General lay on one side, scattering others on the floor and in the fire as she passed. Softly she raised the latch, and flew out into the storm. A strong wind slammed the door leading into the dining-room.

The men rose and stared an instant at each other. Hezekiah rushed into the adjoining room.

“It is only the gale,” he said. “You did not lock up after the scout left, did you?” Then the Generals remembered they did not.

“Hezekiah, much of thy paper that was on the table is blown about,” remarked John. “Some seems to have reached the open fire.”

Howe searched in vain for the copy he had intended to keep, but at last was forced to believe, with the others, that the wind had carried it to the fire.

During the excitement of the officers Arabella reached the wood-house. Once there she slipped on her shoes, never heeding her wet feet. Finding the way

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clear to go to the pantry, which was between the shed and the kitchen, she felt safe, and stood still to calm her throbbing heart

The Quakeress was just returning from the sitting-room, drawn like the rest to the scene of the commotion.

Silently sat Arabella on the flour-bin, as if she had been there always. Martha was hurrrying to and fro.

“The child must now lay the cloth. Why, where is the wee one?” she said aloud.

“Here I am,” came in trembling tones from the big pantry.

“Where?” demanded the Quakeress.

“Only right here,” as she stepped into view.

“Child, hast thou been so near me all the time?”

“And a little while in the woodshed. I am oh! so ’fraid of John!”

“Foolish little child, thou must help me now. John is too much troubled about Whigs to care for thee or me.

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Here, take the cloth and lay the table for three."

Arabella hastily obeyed. John was standing before the fire in the next room with Hezekiah. The Generals were still sitting, talking over their flip.

"Well, well," said Cornwallis, as she proceeded with her duties, "here is a youthful face—in this forsaken place. I suppose you are a good Tory, little girl."

"Wilt thou be so good as to tell me what thou meanest by that?"

"Oh, it would take too long. Do you obey Hezekiah, and you will be a Tory."

"Thou must know I do," she replied, looking down at the floor. "And Martha, too, even when she bids me go to Daniel's house. I don't like to, 'cause it is so far, and I am afraid of snakes. But I do."

"Where is Daniel's?" queried the man.

"At Chadd's Ford."

"So ho!" said the General. "This may be interesting information. Who is Daniel?"

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“Friend Hezekiah is his father.”

“Cornwallis, we must learn where he lives. This may be of service to us in the future.”

The men lost no time in leaving after the meal was partaken of, and John, who acted as guide, went with them. As they left, Cornwallis remarked: “Possibly you will see me this way again.”

The host drew a sigh of relief, as his uninvited guests departed, and again seated himself in his accustomed corner by the fire; but he moved his hands nervously and started at every sound.

Martha and Arabella were busy in the kitchen. The child ran back and forth to the shed and yard, hurrying out and in. At last the tasks were finished, and Arabella took a little basket from the kitchen and left the house. The Quakeress, as we have seen, allowed her to go about the place unquestioned. She visited the barn, filled her basket with eggs, and left it outside while she went for her bonnet and cape. Then taking the

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basket she started off in the rain unnoticed.

“I should like to tell Oak, ’cause I am going that way, so no one will see which way I really, truly, go. I s’pect I best not tell and lose time talking, ’cause Washington is a wig and so am I, ’cause John is a Tory. I jus’ s’pect John is trying to get Washington into trouble, jus’ like getting me into trouble, trying to take Martha away.” Thus soliloquized Arabella as onward she trudged.

It was early morning, though the day seemed far spent to the little girl, who had risen so early and passed through such startling experiences. The rain had ceased, but it was cold and bleak, and the child’s feet, at every step, sunk deep into the soft turf. She dared not run for fear the eggs would break, and it seemed a longer distance to the Ford than ever before. Seeing a wood-chopper at work, she stopped and asked, “Wilt thou tell me the way to Wilmington?”

The man seemed astonished.

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“Why, it is across the Brandywine.”

“Wilt thou tell me how I can get there?”

“You can not go alone. The stream must be forded. After this rain it would go over your head.”

“Is Christiana far?” she asked.

“That is on the other side, too. Quakers are mostly Tories,” he muttered.

Child, as she was, her intuition told her she had asked too many questions, but she must know the way. She had heard the two Generals talking of the proximity of Red Clay Creek to Christiana, and she thought, if she could reach that place, the rest would be easy.

“I s’pose I best not go there, but I want to take something to a Friend.”

“Well, if you could get over at all, Pyle’s Ford would be a good place.”

“Oh, I know where that is,” she exclaimed joyfully. “I pass that when I go to Chadd’s Ford.”

“Yes, that is the place.”

Arabella now hastened on. She met

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several farmers, but they paid slight attention to her. To some of them she was known as belonging to Daniel's father's family. When within about a quarter of a mile of Pyle's Ford, she saw a man moving slowly among the trees, just on the bank of the Brandywine. The spot was lonely and surrounded by deep forests, the wind whistled through the branches, and the leaves of early autumn were falling about her. The loneliness of the situation seemed to inspire her to heroic action. A second glance at the man approaching her revealed the fact it was the scout who had that morning breakfasted at the farm-house. The man was at her side, and, as he spoke to her, she looked up in his face.

"Sis, where are you going?"

"I am not 'Sis,' so there."

"Who are you?"

"Hezekiah's and Martha's child, where thou hadst breakfast this morning."

"Oh, you are! Where do they live?"

"Thou knowest, and Martha says

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‘Thou must not ask idle questions.’ I saw General Cornwallis and Howe. Yes, I did,” seeing his disbelief of her words in his manner. “Thou thinkest I did not, but I did; and I told them I went to Daniel’s house, and Daniel is Hezekiah’s son.”

“Oh, he is!” said the soldier.

“And Cornwallis said I was a little Tory. Yes, he did; and talked oh! so nice to me in the dining-room, when I went in to lay the cloth, and he was drinking flip. Yes, he was.” Then suddenly she exclaimed, almost in the same breath, “Didst thou like the breakfast Martha gave thee, with apple-butter?”

“Well, this nasty morning almost anything will brace a man up, Sis.”

“Now, thou must not call me ‘Sis.’ Oh, say, s’posin’ thou carriest me ’cross Pyle’s Ford; then I will not have to go way to Daniel’s.”

The man eyed her curiously.

“Where are you going?” he asked sharply.

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“Jus’ to see a Friend and carry these,” she said, pointing to her basket of eggs.

“This seems a rough morning to send a child out,” he remarked.

“Oh, thou dost not understand! Friends jus’ go if they must, ’cause Martha says, ‘It is duty, not weather, takes thee.’ Wilt thou carry me ’cross? I will give thee breakfast to-morrow, if thou wilt come for it.”

“Whom are you going to see?”

“Only a Friend. Many Friends live over there. Yes, they do. I can show thee. Hast thou been there?”

The man did not reply to her question.

“Wilt thou take me over?”

By this time they had reached Pyle’s Ford. Child and soldier stood looking on the river.

“How shall I carry you?” he said, irresolutely. “I suppose in my arms,” answering his own question.

“No, stoop down, and I will show thee.”

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“How do I know but that you are a spy, going to the”— Then he stopped. The pure, innocent face forbade the speech.

“Going to what?” asked Arabella, when he hesitated.

“Do you want me to say it,” asked the scout.

“Martha says that if it is not pleasing to the Lord, we must not speak.”

“See here, Sis, just let Martha rest, and come along with me, and have Mother Meg search you.”

“What is that about Mother Meg? Martha is not tired.”

The scout laughed aloud.

“Sis, you are the oldest for your size, I ever saw. I am afraid to carry you over until I know Washington will be none the wiser for it. Come to Meg’s house and we will see.”

“Why, she lives way far over there. And, too, I am ’fraid of her. Martha says prob’ly she is very kind, but I am ’fraid any way.”

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“Here’s Meg now, coming down the road.”

Arabella’s very temples bounded as the woman drew near.

“Meg,” said the soldier, “this girl wants me to ford the river with her, but how do I know she is not carrying a letter to that Yankee camp. Just take her behind that shed and search her well.”

Arabella, panic-stricken, followed the woman, for she feared to refuse obedience to the scout’s order. The old woman’s house was a rendezvous for the British, as she was a Tory of the staunchest kind. Arabella had great reason to tremble before her. The woman was large, and brusque in manner, and would spare no one, if she knew he was a Whig.

“What have you in that basket, before we go any farther?” she asked.

“Eggs,” replied Arabella.

“Who for?”

“Oh, Friends.”

“Are you a Quaker?”

“Martha is.”

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"I asked if you were," persisted Meg.

"I am not 'born,' Martha says."

"She does, hey? Well you seem to be very much 'born'."

Here the scout interrupted, "Why do n't you make the search and let her go, instead of waiting here in the mud all day?"

" 'Tend to your own business," said Meg. "Put down that basket. I will 'tend to that later."

Arabella wondered what was to happen next, as she followed the woman. Her shoes and stockings were removed, and every garment examined, as she stood under an old shed. This search, however, did not alarm her, but what would happen to her treasure? While she was dressing, Meg lifted the eggs from the ground.

"Please be careful not to break them, 'cause that 's Martha's best basket, and she never, never will let me take it again if I spoil it."

Without appearing to hear the child's

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remark, Meg glanced over the eggs, moving them about. As she broke one, covering her fingers with the golden contents, she stooped down and wiped her hands on the wet grass. Returning to the scout she exchanged a few words with him, and the old woman went on, as Arabella again appeared before the soldier.

“For an innocent you have had a hard time. Get on my back, and I will soon have you over.”

“I think Martha would say you were not led, 'cause you are not good to me — so there!”

“I am not good! Well, I think I am to take you across the stream. Look out for your eggs. Don't break them on my back. Here we go!”

She rested her basket on his shoulders and held it there with one hand—the other she threw about his neck. He rose with her and stepped down into the water. Once on the other side, he dropped her from off his back and, be-

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fore she had time to thank him, started to return.

Without any thought as to direction she followed the path before her, and ran as fast as her feet would carry her, forgetful even of the eggs which were dancing about. She met a boy about her own age, to whom she ventured to speak.

“Wilt thou tell me the way to Red Clay Creek?”

“Oh, my! it ’s far that way.”

She asked no more.

“Say, can you walk it, Sis?”

She pretended not to hear, but kept on for a long distance, not daring to inquire again. She began to grow extremely weary and her feet were sore, but she would *not* give up. At last she saw a man whom, from Jack’s description, she took to be an American soldier.

“Wilt thou tell met he way to Christiana?”

He replied to her question surlily.

“Then I am now at Red Clay Creek am I?”

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"You better go on, Sis. I have no time to talk to you."

"Is this where Friend George Washington is now?"

The sentinel did not condescend to glance at her.

"Thou art not a Friend, 'cause Martha says 'Friends must always be kind'—when they are 'born.' Please may I go in and see if Washington lives here?"

The man turned, annoyed at her persistence.

"No, Sis, you cannot."

Catching Jack's phraseology, she exclaimed, "Mr. Man, every one like thee calls me Sis. I do not like soldiers, anyway." Then abruptly, "S'posin' I jus' run in anyway?"

"S'posin' you do n't," was his retort.

"See here, man, if thou wilt not let me pass, I will scream 'Washington, let me in.' "

As she spoke, she saw a fine-looking officer pass between the trees, at some

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distance from the spot where the two were talking.

“Is that Washington?”

The guard turned to see. Quicker than thought she evaded him, as his eyes, for an instant, followed the direction in which she pointed. Arabella seemed scarcely to touch the ground, as her little feet carried her on. Reaching the soldier, she almost gasped, “Art thou Washington? Quick I must hurry back.”

The remark was addressed to no less a personage than LaFayette.

“Child, what do you here?” Seeing the sentinel watching and slowly advancing, he signaled him back.

Recognizing his French accent, she replied in that tongue, “Do n’t let that man come. He said I could not see Washington, and I ran in. Are you Friend George?”

LaFayette failed to reply, but gazed in wonder. A Quakeress garb and a French child! What does it mean? A second look. No, she is *light*.

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“Art thou Friend George?”

“Follow me, little girl. I will take you to General Washington.”

Arabella needed no second bidding. After a short walk, taken in silence, he stopped before a marquee.

“Wait here, little girl.”

Arabella, now almost breathless, kept her eyes on the tent, fearing no one would come. Several minutes elapsed, and she called as loud as her trembling voice would permit, “George Washington, thou must come out.” A shout of laughter went up, and, for the first time, the excited child saw the soldiers standing around.

LaFayette replied to her call by saying, “Come in, little girl,” and she obeyed the command. Before her was the tall form of Washington. Looking earnestly into his face, she said, “Art thou Friend George Washington?”

A smile was on his lips, as he placed his hand on the curly head. She had untied her bonnet strings because she was

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warm from running, and as she threw her head back to look up into the face of the tall man before her, the bonnet fell off, but she did not notice its loss. LaFayette stood, an onlooker, fully appreciating the picture before him.

“Yes, child, I am George Washington. And who are you?”

Not noticing his question in her desire to tell her story, she continued, “Art thou a wig?” This was too much for the two men, and, exchanging a quick glance, they would have laughed outright, but Arabella had caught the look. Her expression changed; that sensitive lip quivered.

The General repented and said: “Here, little girl, sit down. Take your time. You seem tired.” He placed her on a seat. It was necessary for her now to make a still greater effort to look up into the face of General Washington; and with her basket of eggs still in her hand, she rose from the seat, and in an instant

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was standing on it. General Washington looked astonished.

“What is that for?”

“I want to see thee, ’cause Oak says thou art a great man. Art thou?”

“Well, child, I must be in stature—in your eyes at least.”

“Art thou a Friend?” she asked solemnly.

“What made you think so?” the General asked.

“ ’Cause thou saidest, ‘child’. Friend Hezekiah does, but the man I asked to bring me to you called me ‘Sis’, and the other man in the woods, who was at the farm-house, called me ‘Sis’. Art thou a wig?” she exclaimed suddenly, being recalled to her business with the thought of the scout.

“Yes, child, I am a Whig.”

“Howe called thee a wig last night.”

Again the two men exchanged glances, this time full of inquiring earnestness.

“Are you a Tory?” asked General

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Washington, to see if she could distinguish the difference.

“Oh, no, 'cause John is. I am a wig. John and Friend Hezekiah and, I s'pects, Martha, is Tories, but I am a wig.”

“Why did you say you were a Whig?”

“ 'Cause I will not be jus' the same as mean old John. He is a Friend, jus' like Friend Hezekiah, and he wants to have Martha let me go, 'cause then he s'poses he can get her to be moved to go and keep his house, 'cause he told her she was comely. The Oak told me that meant pretty. Martha is, oh, so good; and I know that's why John wants her, 'cause I heard him tell her under my window, 'Martha, thou shouldst walk with me, I am moved to believe.' But I am 'brewing.' ”

“You are what?” exclaimed the General.

“Martha says when people talk too much about things, they brew trouble. I came 'cause John wants thee and me out of the way. Yes, 'cause with thee,

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he says, out of the way, the Tories would soon have America; and me out of the way, he thinks he would have Martha. Perhaps he would. I don't know so very sure 'bout it. So this morning he brought General Howe, the man called him, and General Cornwallis. I think it was like that, but Friend Hezekiah and John just said Friend Howe and Friend Cornwallis."

"What more?" asked Washington, as she hesitated.

"John brought them; yes he did. Oh, it was dark—truly it was," she added earnestly, as the two men scrutinized her closely. "I jus' s'posed John came to take Martha, when I was asleep. I am so 'fraid. I wanted her to hide. I always do, so he won't find me; 'cause he says, 'Martha, thou art foolish to care for the foundling.' But I am hers—yes I am. Friend Hezekiah—well, he is different, and he says, 'To be sure the child is not 'born'.' So when John came, I ran into my room."

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The child ceased speaking, as if she had told all she had to say, when Washington again recalled her to the story of the visitors. "Did you hear anything more?"

"I am so thirsty," said the artless child.

Seeing her exhausted condition, from the rapid and excited manner in which she had told the startling news, they gave her the water, and allowed her to rest a few moments. Then Washington said, "What about Cornwallis and Howe. Did you hear them talk?"

"Oh, yes! John said they must be alone. Friend Hezekiah was going to put them in the best room, but one thought it seemed cold and there was a big fire where they were. Then I was trembling for fear they would hear me; and my door would not stay closed, 'cause the latch-string was gone; and I just jumped on the bed, and hid my head in under the pillows, and put Martha's cloak before me and on me, 'cause it was jus' like a curtain on the high post. And

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Howe came in and looked at the window and felt the cloak and my dress. 'Cause they look jus' like, he did not see me, I s'pose. My feet were hid in my dress. And he must be such a fraidy, 'cause he looked under the bed, and Martha says only foolish women do that. Then thou shouldst have heard them talk, 'cause it was most 'bout thee. And then a man came. He was not dressed the same, and he said 'General Howe;' and she tried to give the military salute as she said he did, "So. Friend Hezekiah says thou must not do anything to make one feel proud. And then the man told Howe and Cornwallis where thou wert, and that thou seemed to want to fight or something that meant it. Dost thou?"

"Time can answer better than I."

"Then," continued Arabella, "Friend George Washington, I have brought thee something. See!" And she took an egg from the bottom of the basket, and handed it to him. He was struck by its

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lightness. "Thou canst see the hole!" she exclaimed.

He looked. At the end was one she had made, from which to drink the egg.

No suspicion crossed his mind.

"Well, little girl, what shall I do now?"

"Break it. There is something in it for thee."

A slight pressure, the shell lay crumbled in his hand and with it a paper, twisted very small like a cornucopia. He took it up and spread it out. The trio were as silent as death while General Washington read. Then, without comment, he folded it up.

"Friend George, he said something too. Shall I be 'brewing' if I tell thee?"

"No, child, older heads than yours have done the 'brewing'. Proceed and tell me every word you can remember."

"Howe—I never call Tories Friends—Howe jus' said, when the man told him thou wast here, he was glad. Yes, he

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did, 'cause he said he would make thee starve. Is n't that being hungry?"

"Go on. What more do you remember?"

"Oh, he said thou must be cut off on the roads to Lancaster and Philadelphia. Yes, he did; and I jus' guess he said something like its being better than fighting to keep thee here. Now, I must hurry back, 'cause Martha will wonder."

"How did you get here, child?"

"I jus' walked all the way. S'posin' I can't find any one to carry me back. I am too small to ford the river."

"How did you cross to come here?"

"Oh, the man who told General Howe 'bout thee met me in the woods, and I asked him to please bring me over, 'cause I wanted to give the eggs to a Friend. And then I told him I saw him at Hezekiah's house, and he had apple-butter for breakfast. And *he* did not look in my basket at all, 'cause he s'posed, I guess, there was only nothing much, but he made

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Mother Meg search my clothes and my basket, too. Then he took me on his back 'cause he b'lieved I would have to go to Chadd's Ford for Daniel to carry me over. He did bring me to thee—yes he did; but I s'pose he is a really, truly Tory. I s'pect I best like him though. Now, I must go, quick, 'cause I did not tell I was going to Daniel's."

"Who is Daniel?" asked General Washington.

"Martha's brother. He says I was not 'born', so I jus' call him Daniel."

"What do you mean by not being 'born'?" LaFayette asked, speaking to her for the first time since she came in. He had been watching her with mingled feelings of curiosity and surprise.

"I s'pose 'cause I am not really, truly 'born' with these clothes on. Martha said 'Wilt thou like to wear clothes like mine?' She was 'born'."

General Washington seemed to take slight notice of the dialogue between LaFayette and the child, and he recalled

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her to her story, which had deep interest for him.

“You are a brave child. And now I must know how you got this note.”

Arabella told every detail of her flight to the wood-shed, and she added, “When Martha told me to empty the dish-water, but be sure not to throw it before our kitchen door, I jus’ took it to the barn-yard; and, while there, I got the egg, drank what was in it, and took this paper out of my shoe and put it in the shell. I s’pect it will be, oh, so dark when I get home. I hope Martha will be fixing Friend Hezekiah’s night-cap on, and taking his wig off, and opening his bed. It takes her ever so long, ’cause thou scest Friend Hezekiah says, ‘Martha, thou art too sprightly for thy father. Thou must take time, ’cause it maketh me pant.’ Yes, he does. So, I will have lots of time before I see her in the kitchen, and I can jus’ s’pose I have been there a long time.”

LaFayette spoke aside to the General,

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and then, approaching Arabella, who seemed to have forgotten her elevated position, lifted her down. As he did so, he placed his fingers under her chin and raised her head. He seemed to look at her face, while, as a matter of fact, he studied the scar. Washington scanned it, while LaFayette engaged the child in conversation. Then he left the marquee, General Washington still questioning his youthful visitor.

“Are you going to Daniel’s?”

“No, ’cause I can not tell Martha. I want to hurry home fast as ever I can. Oh, see my dress! All egg!”

It was the first time she had noticed it.

LaFayette, with another man, came in just in time to hear her say, “Martha will feel so bad, ’cause she always does when I destroy, ’cause she says, ‘Wee one, thou must be pleasing to Friend Hezekiah, and to be so thou must not need much in the way of dresses or bonnets, ’cause they are extra. And now see!’” pointing to her stained dress.

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The Marquis de la Rouerie, who had come into the tent with LaFayette, said in French, "This is a brave soldier girl, Marquis."

Arabella replied in French: "No, I am not brave, 'cause I was dreadfully frightened, and that made me break my eggs."

LaFayette, in a smiling, teasing way, again placed his finger under her chin and said "Marquis, see the ring of gold around her mouth." The three men now closely eyed the scar. The child, as she gazed at the new-comer, nervously and impulsively exclaimed, "Thou lookest like my papa!" Then, frightened at her own words, she hastily added "But I'm Martha's now."

"Who was your papa before Martha had you?" the Marquis inquired in French.

"I must go now."

"Will you tell me where you live?"

"Only a few miles; jus' by Jack Allen's house."

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It so happened Jack was the name of the Oak's father.

"Is that so? I know him," said General Washington.

"Dost thou? I call him Oak; and his father is a soldier, too."

"You must mean a son of Captain Jack. Their farm is by the cross-roads."

"That is jus' side of Friend Hezekiah's house, too. Where is my bonnet? Oh, where is it? Is it lost?" she inquired, as she did not see it after turning around several times.

"Here it is," said LaFayette. "What did you say your name was?"

"Arabella."

"Well, here is your bonnet."

As she placed it on her head, General Washington brought a wet towel, and began removing the egg from her dress.

"It all comes off." And the three men, two of them holding the little skirt out, while the third rubbed the spots, wiped away all traces of the accident.

"Always remember what you have

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done for me to-day, and that I shall never forget you," said Washington.

"Wilt thou please give me one of thy pretty buttons, so I can show Oak."

"Yes, and tell Jack Allen to keep it for you until you are grown up, or the war is over, and the Quakeress will let you have it; but do not show it to them now," he said, as he handed her the coveted treasure he had cut from his coat.

Then a lunch was brought the child; and, as she ate it, the men noticed, for the first time, her wet feet and damp cape. When she was ready to start they wrapped her in a dry cloak, and sent her with a man on horseback.

"It would take you a long time to walk it, and it is past noon," said her host.

"I am so 'fraid John will find out," said Arabella.

"No, he will not." And seeing her seated behind the guardsman on the horse's back, the three men took her little hand, each in turn, in his, and General Washington pressed it to his lips.

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“You have risked even your life to help save America.”

Arabella started for home all unconscious of the tumult which existed on that day in the camps of the opposing parties, and her close proximity to the scenes of a battle.

As the men again entered the marquee, LaFayette said: “I tell you, General, I have noted that birth-mark too often on the neck of the Prince de Gra to be mistaken. She is in some way connected with him. In what manner, however, may remain a mystery. The Marquis, here, well remembers it.”

“Yes, it is, I think, exactly the same.”

“And the strange thing to me is the child’s perfect French, although living with Quakers. And,” said LaFayette, “from her childish talk of their form of speech, she is evidently adopted, which seems to be distasteful to the sect. This Martha she speaks of is, beyond question, gentle and loving to her.”

“From the affection the little child

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bears her, she must take the place of a mother to her," replied Washington.

Then LaFayette said: "Marquis take down her name and the facts, and I will do the same. If I fall in battle, promise me you will see the Prince, if you return to France, and, if not, you will write and lay this remarkable circumstance before him."

"And, General, if we both meet death, to you is left the duty of learning to whom your little hero-worshiper belongs."

Thus the compact was sealed between them.

Arabella made quick time in gaining the Oak's, where she went to tell her adventure before returning home. She saw Jack at the well as she advanced toward the house.

"Hello, Birdie. I have been looking for you all day."

"Oak, I have much to tell thee. Come to a place all by ourselves; and it best be in the house."

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Once alone with him, she related the exciting experiences of the day. He seemed stunned. “*You* did it, Birdie?”

“No, I did not alone,” she replied. “Howe, Cornwallis, George Washington—oh, he is so tall and wears his sword and boots with spurs. Didst thou know it?—and the Marquis an’ LaFayette—he has red hair, oh, so red!—and mean old John and me too, all helped do it; so there! And now I will leave my cloak here and my basket, too, and thou wash the egg off, when thou hast time. Wilt thou walk home with me jus’ as s’posin I had been here all day? Friend George Washington said old heads did brew first.”

“And did you tell Washington about brewing?”

“Course I did, and ’bout Martha. Oh, canst thou not take her something to divert her? ’cause when Friend Hezekiah gets to pondering ’bout anything, she jus’ says, ‘I will go and divert father. Then he will not think ’bout worrying.’ ”

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“How will cider do?”

“Jus’ the best thing, ’cause ours is not ready, and Martha likes it.”

A pail was filled, and they started.

“Birdie, I think you are the bravest little girl that ever lived.”

“Dost thou? Then do thou jus’ treasure this button until Martha tells me she is a wig. Then I can take it from thee.”

“She never will.”

“Yes, she will, ’cause some day I will tell her that thou art, and thy father and all thy brothers are. Then, when she hears that, I will whisper softly in her ear, ‘Martha, I am too, ’cause John and Daniel wanted to send me way, and they are Tories; and the Oak and all belongs to him want me to stay, and *they* be wigs; and then, Martha, *thou* wantest me to stay with thee, so thou art a wig like me, too!’ ”

“I would not be much surprised if she did turn, if you tell her that story just as you have told it to me.”

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The Quakeress was in the yard when they reached the farm-house.

“Why, child, where hast thou been so long? Oh, wee one! I was only waiting for the chore-boy to come in to send for thee.”

“Did I trouble thee? I am so sorry!” And, throwing back her bonnet, she turned her face up to the Quakeress to be kissed.

“Miss Martha”—

“Just Martha, please, Jack,” said the gentle-voiced woman. “Friends never speak after that manner.”

And the boy, fearful of erring again by too much politeness, cut short his remarks by saying “I have some cider for thee.”

“That is very thoughtful. I am truly pleased to know thou didst remember me.”

“And,” continued Jack, taking courage, “I would like to ask you to forgive Arabella for remaining away so long; there was so much for her to do to-day.”

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“Thou knowest Arabella is a tender-hearted child, and will not leave thee while she can do thee a service. So, in the future, when there are many things to detain her, do thou send little Henry over to inform me.”

CHAPTER IX

Two o'clock in the morning of the ninth of September, 1777, and the day following Arabella's visit to General Washington, found Red Clay Creek being deserted by the American army; and Howe, to his surprise, learned that they were posted on high ground at Chadd's Ford. The Brandywine had been crossed, and a most desirable position had been secured. Sullivan was given command of the right wing that the fords above might receive protection, while, for a distance of some two miles below, General Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, stood guard.

Before the next morning, the tenth, two columns of the British marched to Kennett Square, about seven miles from the post of Washington. The farmers at

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Chadd's Ford and about that part of the country, took fright, and, notwithstanding the promises of General Howe to the people, that they or their property should not be molested, many of them left their homes to seek a place of greater safety. Among those who fled was Daniel with his family. He reached his father's house in great excitement, telling them that the Whigs were in possession of the Ford, and it was possible the disturbance would reach Hezekiah's.

"Do thou remain here in peace, Daniel," said his father. "Thou art as safe here as on the road."

Jane was helpless; and the children, not realizing from what danger they fled, but out of pure sympathy, dropped scalding tears down their plump little cheeks. Arabella tried to amuse them, and went about fearlessly. She had seen Washington, and she trusted him.

Thus two days passed at Hezekiah's in supplication and anxiety. John rode over on the tenth, but Hezekiah did not

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reveal the purport of his hurried visit. And then the roar of cannon was heard in earnest. Peal after peal rang through the air. Jane was almost in a frenzy of fright, but Martha closed her white lips tight, and Arabella was kept close to her side, while they ministered to the wants of the little children of Daniel. Jack could not leave the boys, so all that long day Arabella and he did not see each other.

The battle of Brandywine commenced on the morning of the eleventh of September, 1777. Day had just dawned when General Cornwallis, with his division, was moving along the Lancaster road. It was his plan to surprise the Americans by opening fire upon the right wing commanded by Sullivan, and Knyphausen, with a show of cannon and commotion, was to gain the attention of Washington who, in fact, was being surrounded from east and west. At nine o'clock a fog enveloped that part of the country, sentries were misled as to their own party, and confusion arose.

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The hill in close proximity to the Birmingham meeting-house was reached by Cornwallis. Washington encouraged his men by appearing before them, and the cheers at sight of their commander told of their devotion to him. The conflicting information he was receiving at that time was a cause of the gravest anxiety to him; and the results of the day proved that it was not without reason.

At last, the true situation was discovered, but it was all too late to benefit the American cause. Sullivan was not in readiness to meet the attack of Cornwallis, which was severe and marked by haste. The American forces held out until overtaken by eventide, when, discouraged and beaten, they fled in distress and confusion to Chester, while the water of the Brandywine went on its course, reddened with the blood of foes that were brothers. The bleeding and dying had not only slaked their thirst there, but had left their life blood, as they forded the stream.

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During the night that portion of the American army that had been engaged on the Brandywine reported at Chester, having reached there by different routes, leaving the enemy in possession of the scene of the late conflict.

On the twelfth, General Washington led his vanquished men from Chester, their faces turned toward Philadelphia. They went into camp near Germantown, where they rested a short time, and received a new supply of ammunition and hope. The latter was much needed.

About three weeks had elapsed since the battle of Brandywine, and General Washington had been almost constantly on the move. He crossed and recrossed the Schuylkill, and took post at Penni-becker's Mills. Howe was encamped at Germantown, and General Washington only waited an opportunity to give the enemy fight, wherever they might meet. The hour arrived sooner than he expected it; but again fog had its dire effect upon the American cause, and the great

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commander knew that his men were again in full retreat.

To General Washington it was not only a sorrow, but a mortification. And still, from the pyre of the vanquished warrior's hopes, rose a beacon light whose radiance stretched across the blue Atlantic, from shore to shore, and penetrated the hearts of those who heard of the brave struggle against adversity. The loss of Germantown became the means of proving to France the magnificent courage of the American general in command. The helping hand of that country was extended, and clasped in fellowship that of America.

Cold weather soon set in, and Washington began to think of winter quarters. His men were suffering for the necessities of life, and he saw but one course to pursue; go into camp for some months. But where? The protected ground of Valley Forge in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, seemed to meet the demand. It is surrounded by high hills known as Mt. Sorrow, and through it flows East Valley

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Creek, which empties into the Schuylkill River. Here Washington brought his men to sufferings and misery that pen fails to describe. With bleeding feet and almost naked bodies, the soldiers worked, building their quarters. Often they took upon themselves the burden of dragging the improvised vehicles filled with necessary articles, and many carried wood and other packs on their backs.

So great was the need of clothing that some of the men could not endure the exposure while working on the huts in which they must live. Here in this beautiful valley, the brave suffered and died a death harder than that met on the battle-field. Sickness and starvation only found relief in the "long sleep that knows no waking." General Washington, with his wife, encouraged, cared for and prayed for the suffering men through those long days. But the end came at last; and from the valley of the shadow to the mountain top of fame, they marched away.

CHAPTER X

The exciting scenes of war had passed away from the country about Hezekiah's farm. Daniel and his family had returned home, and things at Martha's moved along as usual. Only Arabella and the old Quaker were restless; the child, because Jack was troubled about his father, and the old man on account of the disturbing news John brought.

He did not believe a Friend in the right to take so active a part in the war.

"I am convinced that if the elders talk with John, thou needest not be surprised to hear he has been disowned," he said, in mournful tones, to his daughter.

"Father, John believes thou art in the wrong because thou takest so little interest."

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“Knowest thou not we are never to exert political influence? ‘Keep out of the powers of the earth,’ was Fox’s exhortation. Dost thou think John is so doing? War is forbidden, even if we suffer much. If the elders learn of his seeming willingness to favor bloodshed, he may be exhorted and admonished that he is walking contrary to the standard of his birth-right inheritance, and thou knowest the committee appointed at the monthly meeting might decide to disown him.”

“Do not be troubled father. Thou art doing thy duty.”

And Jack was trying, at the same time, to decide what was his duty between his country and his brothers. “What will Arabella say?” he would wonder.

They were seated around the open fire. The boys were cracking nuts and drinking cider, and Arabella was the center of attraction, as she mended stockings and set a patch here and there.

Jack had been unusually quiet, having

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concluded that this would be the best time to speak of his determination.

“Boys and Arabella, I am going to the war.”

“Going to war!” all exclaimed in one voice.

“Yes, I am.”

Then, while silence fell, the youngest brother exclaimed, “I will be a soldier, too! See if I won’t.”

As his information had excited no comment he added, “And I will be a General, too.”

“You will?” replied Jack. “And what will you make me?”

“You can all be dесс soldiers, and do the work; and I will ride on a big horse and watch you.”

“Oh! Well said, and what will you do in battle?” asked Spruce.

“Put you in front, and go back and watch you get hit.”

“You may get it yourself,” said Bass.

“No, I won’t, ’cause I’ll hide, so I can come home and tell all ’bout it.”

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One by one, the youthful voices spoke their willingness to follow their eldest brother into the army. Some as drummers, and Maple as fifer. Then, when at last the five boys had arranged their plans, Arabella, no longer able to control her grief, exclaimed, wiping her eyes and rising suddenly, "And me?"

"You! You!" they shouted.

"Yes, me."

"Why, you are a *girl*! What can you do?"

"I can bind up the bleeding hearts."

Then Jack dropped his chin on his breast and said, "Yes, you would know just how; but you can never leave home."

"Never mind, Oak, thou wilt see. I am going to tell it this very night after supper, when Friend Hezekiah goes to sleep. Yes, I will, Jack."

"But Martha will not consent."

"Yes, she will, 'cause I will just say, 'Thou teachest me that the Lord would have thee help everybody;' and, Martha, do n't that mean me too?"

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Jack looked amazed.

“Well, we will see.”

Arabella’s work was over for the day. Something had happened.

“Why do you go so early?” asked the boys.

“Oh, ’cause I want to see Martha.”

No amount of persuasion could keep her, so Jack walked over to the farm with her.

The evening seemed long to the little girl; but at last Hezekiah had finished his supper and was sleeping in his corner.

“Martha, s’posin’ thou dost sit here in the kitchen. I would like to talk to thee.” And drawing a rocking-chair up before the warm fire, Arabella tenderly led the Quakeress to it. “Dear Martha, wilt thou sit down and hold me?”

“What hast thou on thy little heart?” she said, gently placing the child’s head on her shoulder, as she took the seat, and her arm was about her.

“Thou didst hold me jus’ like this on the boat, dost thou remember?”

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“Yes, wee one.”

“Thou didst take me, 'cause thou didst think thou ought to then. Didst thou?”

“Yes, child,” she answered, much wondering at her memory.

“Thou didst not care—didst thou, Martha?—if I was a Tory or a wig?”

“No, child, *thou* wert what I wanted.”

“Why?”

“First, because thou didst need me.”

“Martha, didst thou think the Lord moved thee to take me?”

“I saw thou didst need me; then I learned I needed thee.”

“Didst thou feel moved?”

“Thou art too close in thy questioning, child. I was not only moved to take thee, but my heart longed for thy tender love.”

The little hand was placed on Martha's cheek.

“Martha, I do love thee best of all.”

The Quakeress kissed her brow and rocked her chair faster, while she brushed a tear from her eye that was not seen by the child. The light was dim.

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“Martha, dost thou love me? Tell me again. It makes me feel so light, and when I displease thee, I am, oh, so heavy. I cannot carry myself from thy side until thou smilest on me again. Dost thou love me, sayest thou?”

The Quakeress caught her small form to her heart.

“Love thee! Oh, yes, more than is good for thee or me! My life is bound up in thee. It is too late now to undo the love-knot that binds thee to me.”

A few minutes passed silently.

“Martha, thou art a wig.”

“Hush, thou knowest not what thou art saying.”

“Yes, I do, Martha, 'cause the way I know is jus' this—John does not love me, and he is a Tory. Daniel, he do n't love me and he is a Tory. Jane, she do n't love me, 'cause I heard her say so, and she is a Tory. P'raps Friend Hezekiah do n't love me so very much, 'cause he wants the Puritans to have me, and he is a Tory. The Oak loves me, and he is a

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wig; and all the little Allens are wigs, they love me; and the Oak's father loves me, and he is a wig; George Washington loves me, and he is a wig." And as Martha gasped, "George"—Arabella's hand was placed over her mouth. "Do thou not speak yet, Martha. And I am a wig, and thou lovest me, so thou art a wig too. Art thou, Martha? 'Cause, dost thou see? wig means only love. They love their country, Oak says, and their homes. Thou lovest this country now, jus' like thou dost me, 'cause thou didst take it for thy own. Yes, thou didst. And thou wilt not let John take me, and, Martha, thou wilt not let John take thy country."

"Child, England is my country."

"Martha, dost thou not think thou hast adopted America, jus' like me, 'cause thou hast us both for thine? We are thy foundlings."

To this the Quakeress made no reply, but said, "Thou hast not told me how thou knowest George Washington loves thee."

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“ ’Cause he was so nice to me.”

“Where, child, hast thou seen Washington?”

With arms clasped about the Quaker-ess’ neck she told her of her visit to him.

“And he cleaned the egg off my dress, so thou wouldst not feel sorry it was spoiled.”

“Arabella, if my father knew about this he would be greatly displeased.”

“Oh, thou knowest Friend Hezekiah says ‘Thou must be kind to every one.’ He was kind to Howe. He set the example, so I followed it. Thou hast told me to. And I was kind to George Washington. We must be good to everybody, Friend Hezekiah says.”

“Child, thou art strange to understand. I fear this has all come through Jack.”

“Oak did not know ’bout George Washington till I told him when I got home. Cornwallis told ’bout Washington, and how he was going to fool him. Thou tellest me not to fool, ’cause it is not pleasing in the sight of the Lord.”

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“Child, thou hadst better go to bed.”

“Not yet, 'cause thou hast more to hear. George Washington is at Valley Forge, and his soldiers are sick; and, dear Martha, thou wert good to me when I was strange to thee and sick. Thou didst teach me then how it feels to have some one kind. May I take Sorrel and the wagon, and some of thy jellies, and Friend Hezekiah's old clothes, and lots of things, and go to Valley Forge? Please say 'Yes,' 'cause I want them to know how good thou art, too, and that Quakers are friends.”

“It is time thou wert asleep, wee one.”

“Martha, thou art not displeased with me?”

“No, child, thou canst keep thy heart light.”

“Oh, please, please let me sleep with thee.”

“Why, Arabella?”

“'Cause, if thou art moved, I want to keep close to thee, so thou wilt be moved my way.”

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“I fear thou hast already opened my eyes to the suffering so near me. Do as thou desirest about the night.”

“Martha! Martha! Now I know thou hast commenced being moved, when thou sayest thine eyes are being opened. When thou art moved, how does it open thine eyes?”

“There, child, if thou art going to Valley Forge on fourth day, thou must go to rest now. Not another word to-night,” and kissing the child, she dismissed her.

The daughter took her seat by the open fire near her father, and began to knit vigorously. At last Hezekiah spoke: “Thou seemest unusually quiet.”

“Yes, father. I have heard so much of the suffering at Valley Forge, it hath somewhat called my duty to humanity into question.”

“Where hast thou heard about it?”

“Arabella informed me.”

“Umph! The child! Where hath she learned it?”

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“From various sources. Friend John hath so spoken before her that she feels he is wrong, if she is to follow thy teachings—to be equally kind to the just and unjust.”

“The child hath so far spoken my mind, Martha.”

Then the knitting needles flew faster and faster.

“Father, she desires me to permit her to take something to Valley Forge for the sick and suffering. Art thou willing she should so relieve humanity?”

“Do thou not lay any obstacle in the way, if our teaching hath so opened her youthful mind that she is moved to do this thing.”

“It is well decided. I feel convinced.”

The next morning Arabella's delight knew no bounds when she found herself behind the sorrel horse. The light wagon was filled with articles of clothing as well as provisions, and by her side sat Martha.

“Father,” the Quakeress had said, “Who will go with the child?”

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“Thou hadst better accompany her.”

After a long ride they drove into the camp at Valley Forge, where they found no difficulty in being taken to the commander when their errand was known.

“Friend George Washington, this is Martha,” was the introduction given by Arabella, as she, with her protectress, stood before the General.

“Little girl, you have done well to come and bring us another friend, for we are in sore need of nurses.” And to the young woman the hand of friendship was given.

All through the long weeks of the winter, the sorrel horse and the child were watched for at Valley Forge. She always brought the young Quakeress, who knew so well how to relieve suffering, and who was now happier than at any other time since her arrival in America.

“Arabella,” she said, “thou hast led the way to much good to me in enlarging my knowledge of Whigs.”

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Jack had left his home during this trying season, and the little girl found much more to do for the boys; but Martha now helped her, and was her confidant in all things.

“Thou canst now keep Washington’s coat button, ’cause thou art a wig, Martha.”

“Yes, thou mightest trust his entire coat with me, for I find I have been guilty of turning the Tory top-coat at least.”

Spring found Arabella ready to go to Philadelphia to attend a Quaker school. Martha had said “Thou must, child; thou canst come home for the seventh day, but thou must learn something now.”

“Oh, how can I leave thee? I can not do it. Thou must go too.”

At last the Quakeress was persuaded to spend a short time with the child, who was then more reconciled to her new condition.

Her mind developed rapidly, and her

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loving ways made her the pet of all her companions. But she waited and watched for Martha, when the time arrived, on which she went back to spend the day at Friend Hezekiah's farm.

Jack was in Philadelphia during the summer, and when he went to see his little friend, he was not turned away because he wore the American uniform.

CHAPTER XI

The following winter the Marquis de LaFayette felt called upon to return to France, and to his beloved friend he told his wishes. General Washington wrote to the President of Congress, asking that a leave of absence be granted Major-General Marquis de LaFayette. On October the sixth, 1778, at Fishkill, the Marquis bade farewell to the Great Commander, and went immediately to Philadelphia, where he opened his business with Congress by letter, setting forth his reasons for asking permission to leave America. Now that his country was involved in war, he said, he was led by a sense of duty, as well as patriotism, to present himself before his king, and know in what manner he chose to employ his services. He also added: "So long as there was

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any hopes of an active campaign, I did not think of leaving the field, but now, in a peaceful and undisturbed moment, I take the opportunity of waiting upon Congress."

In Congress, October the twenty-first, 1778, it was resolved "that the Marquis de LaFayette, Major-General in service of the United States, have leave to go to France, and that he return at such a time as shall be most convenient for him."

Soon after the granting of his furlough, he repaired to Boston and embarked for France, and arrived in Paris on the eleventh of February, 1779, where he was received by his Majesty with a cordial welcome.

In a magnificent palace in Paris, the Duke de Gra greeted the Marquis de LaFayette. The old friends, for such they were, had much to talk about that had happened since last they had met. The Duke listened with deep interest to all the General had to relate of his American life, and then the Marquis said, "Duke,

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tell me of yourself. You have aged, if I may be pardoned the freedom of an old friend in saying so."

"Yes, LaFayette, time and trouble have placed their hands heavily upon me."

"You have lost your father, and you now represent your house."

"Yes, Marquis, and tired is the head that honor rests upon;" and he lay back against his cushioned chair in a weary way. As he did so the mark beneath his chin caught the eye of his visitor, who flushed at the thought, and said to himself, "How is it best to broach the strange facts I have become possessed of?" Then aloud:

"Duke I wonder that you have never married."

"How do you know but that I have?"

"Oh, I am pleased to hear it."

"Mind, LaFayette, I did not say I had."

"No, I believe you did not."

Then, after some moments of silence

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on the part of both, the Marquis said: "I should like to give you the history of a peculiar circumstance that occurred one day while we were encamped on Red Clay Creek, near the battlefield of Brandywine, if you will not consider me obtrusive. I saw one there who reminded me of you."

Calmly the Duke gazed into the speaker's eyes.

"Who was it? Man or woman?"

"A child."

The listener started from his chair.

"In what way, Marquis?"

"The scar beneath the chin."

"Merciful heaven! Is it possible? Tell me every detail."

LaFayette began with the child's appearance before him, and her conference with Washington, and the compact between the Marquis de la Roerie and himself to make known the strange fact.

"The child's name; did you learn it?"

"Arabella."

"There is no further room for doubt.

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Ask me no questions now. This much I will say only: I owe you the greatest debt a man can owe another. I shall start for America at once. Write out names, places, and everything that will bring me to a speedy meeting with these Quakers when once I land in America. I fear to ask the question that preys upon my thoughts, even at this early moment after your disclosure; but unless my mind is set at rest it will be unbearable before I reach my destination."

"What is it you would know? You had better allay your anxiety."

A nervous contraction of the lips, which almost seemed to tremble, again brought the child vividly before the Marquis.

After a struggle with himself that the man could not conceal, he said: "Had you any means of knowing whether these Quakers are good to the child?"

LaFayette saw the hand clinch, as it hung at his side.

"Put your fears to flight. The child, the little Arabella, seemed to worship the

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Quakeress, and the winter at Valley Forge proved her to be gentle and tender as ever a woman was.”

Grasping his friend by the hand, the Duke said, “To you shall be told, upon my return, a remarkable story, to which, I believe, you have furnished the sequel.”

The Marquis knew, when he took his leave, that the disturbance of his country did not weigh as heavily on the heart of the Duke de Gra, as did some secret sorrow.

CHAPTER XII

Martha had the doors and windows of the farm-house open. Cleaning was just completed and everything was in order, for Arabella would be coming home in a few days for a short vacation. There was the smell of fresh straw under the carpets, and in the breeze, blowing through the house at will, wild flowers, which Maple brought her each day, nodded their heads, and the clean, fresh, white curtains swayed back and forth.

A rap sounded from the old brass knocker. Martha was startled. It was the first time it had been used since she had lived in the house; for strangers came often to the kitchen, and, if very formal, to the side entrance. At first the Quakeress did not comprehend what it

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was, and again came the sharp rap. This time it fell twice upon the stillness.

“That is at the door of the best room. Wilt thou go?” spoke Hezekiah.

She left her spinning-wheel and hurriedly went to answer the summons. As the door opened, a man stood with his back to it, looking out over the farm. It was noiselessly thrown back, as it was already ajar to let in the fresh air. He was recalled quickly by Martha’s voice.

“Thou here!” and a deadly pallor spread over her face. The dark stranger gazed in astonishment, as she fairly gasped, “Oh, no, not thou!”

The visitor stepped in uninvited. They looked excitedly at each other; then the stranger inquired, “Is this Hezekiah the Quaker’s farm? Are you Martha, his daughter?”

At last the Quakeress, in full command of herself, said: “Why dost thou ask the idle questions? Thou knowest I recognize in thee the father of the child Arabella.”

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Her visitor now was composed and quiet, as he replied, "You seem to have the best of this interview. I have never, to my knowledge, seen you before."

"Art thou not the man who came across the ocean with us in the 'Anne and Elizabeth?' "

Hezekiah, hearing Martha's voice in agitated tones, came into the room at this point.

"Father, dost thou know this man?"

"Yes, certainly, he is the child's father." And he continued: "Thou art rather late—thinkest thou not—in claiming thy child, after deserting her as thou didst?"

"I do not understand either one of you," explained the stranger. "If you will be good enough to inform me of what you consider me guilty, I may be able to answer some of your accusations."

"Father, canst thou believe any one so bold as to deny himself, when we know it is the man who was the child's compan-

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ion? Even to the scar under the chin, the features are the same.”

“My good people, I wish you would sit down, and listen to me.”

“Thou seemest more courteous than thou didst on the ship.”

Not heeding his hostess’ remarks, the stranger went on: “Some years ago my child was taken from me”—

“Thou dost mean,” said Martha, “thou didst leave her on the boat.”

“No, my good people, there is some terrible secret here. *I* did not leave my child on any boat.”

“Thou didst not? Then we have naught to do with thee, or thou with us.”

“My friends, answer one question: Is Arabella living and well?”

Father and daughter kept a stoical silence for a time.

“Thou must prove thy right to so question,” said Hezekiah, at last. “If thou art truthful about not leaving the child, then we have nothing to do with thee.”

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“May I see her?” asked the man, apparently much disturbed.

This did not escape the young woman.

“Thou seemest easily moved now, but thou didst care nothing for her when thou wouldst have struck her.”

“Struck her!” repeated the dark stranger. “Strike my Arry! Oh, no, never. Can I see my child?”

“Thou canst not now, for the little girl is not here.”

“Not here with you!” he exclaimed, unable to control his feelings. “Where is she?”

“Away at school.”

The man covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. “In mercy, friends, take me to her.”

After a few moments meditation, Hezekiah said: “Remain thou here, and Martha will go for the child.”

There seemed no alternative, and, as it was quite early in the day, Martha could reach the city before night. As soon

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as the sorrel could be brought round, the Quakeress was ready to start on her gloomy errand. The dark stranger stood irresolute before her only a moment, then he asked: "Will you do me the favor not to tell my daughter that I am here."

"She would be hard to persuade to come if I did," was her only reply.

When the two men were alone, the older one said: "Before thou ever takest the child, thou must give me proof thou wilt not again desert her;" and, as the other attempted to speak, the Quaker silenced him by holding up his hand.

"Do thou first hear me out. I fear this will cause Arabella great grief to be separated from Martha; and, as for my daughter, I fear thou wilt break her heart, for she is deeply attached to the little girl."

The stranger pressed his handkerchief to his eyes.

"I will explain, if possible"—

His host interrupted him. "No, thou

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hadst better tell it before the child and Martha.”

The time seemed long for the two men, and more so, as Hezekiah, although showing every hospitality to his guest as regarded his comfort, did not seem inclined to talk.

On the evening of the day following, the sun took its farewell peep from behind the hills to the west of the Quaker's farm-house, then sank to rest beyond. The cow-bells rang out on the stillness, and the katy-dids chirped their carol, while the toads hopped from side to side in the path of the dark stranger, as, with restless step, he walked up and down the road-way over which they must come. On hearing the sound of wheels approaching, he entered the house and stood by a window. As Martha threw the reins over the dash-board, Arabella jumped out.

“Wait thou for me. There is a stranger in the house.”

“Who, Martha. Wilt thou tell me?”

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“I want thee to tell me, child.”

“Who? No one to take me from thee, is it?”

The visitor stepped out on the porch. One look, and the child threw herself into her protectress' arms.

“Wilt thou hide me? Oh, dear, Martha, do n't let me go; wilt thou?”

The Quakeress and Hezekiah, who had now joined them, stood mute.

The Frenchman spoke. “Arry, do n't you know me?”

She did not reply, but kept her head hid in the woman's dress. She had taken her bonnet off before reaching the house, and now her yellow curls clustered about her neck, for they had always been kept the length they were when she first came to America.

“Arry, do n't you remember me?”

The agony in his voice seemed to touch the child. She gave a side glance at the man.

“Arry, do you know when you last saw me?”

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In muffled tones came the answer: "Thou wert on the boat, and fell when thou didst want to strike me."

"Arry, I can bear this no longer! Look at me!" and he took the child in his arms. So sudden was the action, she could not resist. "Look at me! Oh, yes, you are my own little Arry!" he exclaimed, as he raised her head and glanced under her chin. "Your mamma's hair! Do n't you remember me?"

"Yes—but you took me from mamma!" she exclaimed.

"No, you are mistaken. *I* did not." Now sitting down with the child on his knee, he said: "Tell me everything you can remember about your leaving."

The Quakers stood back, silent listeners.

"Are you going to take me from Martha?"

"Not if you do n't want to go, Arry."

Thus reassured, she looked at him again. He took her face in his hands, and kissed her eyes, her brow, her lips. Then her arms were around his neck.

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“Thou art my truly papa.”

“Yes, your father; who never took you from your mamma.”

Drawing away from him, she said: “Then who was the man just like thee?”

“I am not sure, Arry. Tell me your story—all you can remember. But, first, have you my picture?”

From beneath the neck of the gray dress, she drew forth a little chain and locket.

“See, papa.”

He took it and touched a secret spring. Before him was his own likeness set in diamonds.

“You are indeed mine.” And he laid his head on hers, and wept.

“Papa, thou didst tell me never to open it for any one but thee or mamma; and I never, never have.”

“Arry, have you not opened this for the people who have been so kind to you?”

“Never, since thou didst give it to me when thou didst take me on thy shoulder

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and didst love me. It was my birthday present, dost thou remember?"

"Child, child, did your mother go with you?"

"Oh, no; you told me on the boat she was dead."

"Arry, who took you away from mamma?" the man asked in trembling accents.

"Thou, papa, thou didst. Why dost thou ask me?"

"Where were you? Tell me all."

"I was in the garden, when thou didst call me, and Mademoiselle was playing hide with me. I went behind the hedge, and thou didst speak to me over the wall, and said, 'Come, dear. I will hide thee,' and I gave thee my hands and thou didst help me up. Then thou didst take me in the road a little way to a carriage, and then to a place where thou didst give me more clothes, not these; and then we went on the boat, and, papa, thou didst tell me I had no mamma. And then thou didst leave me with Martha."

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“Arry, it was not I that took you. You were kidnapped.”

“Papa, he looked just like thee. Oh, yes, it was thou, ’cause I put my hand on thy chin on the boat and said, ‘Thou hast the same as me,’ and thou didst strike my hand.”

“No; my child, it was not I. Did you show this picture to this other man?”

“No; thou didst tell me, only when thou didst say so, and thou didst not see it on the ship; and Martha just said, ‘It is a keepsake. Thou art not ‘born’; so if the Friends knew, they would not care about thy trinket, although we are not allowed jewelry.’ So I did wear it inside my dress.”

Now turning to the surprised spectators of this peculiar situation, the stranger said: “There has been a dark plot planned by some one to deprive me of wife and child.”

“I do not see how it could be so well done that thine own child could be deceived,” said the Quakeress.

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“You may well ask the question; and I am forced to tell the true facts, before you and the child will trust me. But wait until morning. The night is no time for Arry to hear what she must know. Secrets are bad things. I do not wish for another in my life.”

After a simple tea, Martha took Arabella, who would not trust herself out of her sight a moment, and retired.

The Frenchman slept but little, and the dawn of day found him walking in the fields adjoining the farm. His daughter would not leave Martha to take her customary run before breakfast.

So her father did not see her until they were seated at the table, when, to his surprise, she addressed him in French.

“Arry, you have done well not to forget your native language.”

“Martha said I must not, because it was mine, just like she was really, truly a Friend because she has a birth-right inheritance.”

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Her father smiled, as he patted her head.

“I have only one joy in my great sorrow at our separation, and that is, you were left with those who have loved you.”

“Martha dost thou mean? Oh, papa, thou canst not tell how much I love her. Thou wilt not take me from her, wilt thou?”

“No, not until you are ready to go, and help me to find mamma, if we can.”

“Have I a mamma?” And her large, dreamy eyes had a far-away look.

“Yes, Arry. I believe your mother is living.”

“Papa, I want to see her.” Then suddenly, “If Martha will go with me.”

“My child, I wish to tell you and your friend, I shall never take you from her until you are willing to go; so do not fear.”

When the duties of the morning had been completed, the father of Arabella asked that they would give him a few

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moments. Taking his daughter on his knee, he began his story.

“When quite a young man, and before I had completed my university course, I met Arabella’s mother. She was of English parentage, but an orphan. She had been placed in a French convent by her guardian, and it was by the merest chance I made her acquaintance. She was out with a nun one day shopping, when she became separated from the sister by some accident. As she was rudely accosted by some one in the crowded thoroughfare the young lady appealed to me for protection, informing me that she had lost her companion. I was just about to step into my carriage, which I told her was at her service. She declined it, saying she preferred to walk; that if she could once reach a certain cathedral she could find her way. I constituted myself her guide. This chance meeting ripened into a deep friendship, which later led to our union. I then learned, for the first time, she was an

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heiress of great wealth. She had informed me that her father had been a haberdasher in London. This, I knew, cut her off from recognition by my people, for I was the son of the Duc de Gra."

"A nobleman," thought Martha; but Hezekiah and she gave no sign that they comprehended he was other than a man without rank.

"Then," continued the stranger, "I purchased a chateau, and my wife and I took possession of it. We lived in seclusion, as I had, for various reasons, not ventured to tell my father of my marriage. This was a great mistake; but I made it. For eight years we dwelt in our home without a shadow crossing our path, and the last day I spent there with this child and her mother had, I feared, closed all happiness for me."

"Thou dost not speak as the father did on the boat," interrupted Martha.

"I tell you, my friend, I was not on the ship with you."

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“That is where I cannot trust thee, for I must believe my own eyes and those of my father,” replied the Quakeress.

“Listen patiently. The sad part of my story is to come, and it is only for my child it is revealed. I was called to London the day after the one which Arry mentions on which she received the locket. On my return to France I was prevented from going to the chateau by a dispatch from my wife, requesting me to wait for her in Paris. The message was addressed to the Prince de Gra, and signed Arabella. I could not understand it, for I had never told her what my title was. I went by the name of Meras. Well, she did not come, and I returned to our home to find it deserted.”

“Then,” asked Friend Hczekiah, “who took the child?”

“Of that later,” replied the stranger. “No one knew anything more than I did. Some of the servants saw her go, but seeing me, as they thought, they supposed that I was assisting her to hide. A

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note was sent by a messenger to my wife, and that night she left her home. She gave no clue as to her destination, and no one at the chateau could tell at what hour she left, or how. And until the Marquis de LaFayette returned to Paris, and told me of the meeting he had with the little child and her resemblance to me, I had no idea of her whereabouts. I immediately arranged to take the first vessel for America; and here I am."

"But thou hast not told how thou canst account for the man on the boat," said Hezekiah.

The stranger sat looking at the floor for several minutes. Then, quickly throwing up his head, he said: "Do you see this scar?"

"Yes," replied the Quaker. "And I saw it on thee when I first noticed thee at breakfast on the vessel."

"Man, I tell you I was not on the ship with you."

"Then who was?" asked the old man.

"My twin brother has the birth-mark."

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“Why dost thou think he would do such a thing?” asked Hezekiah, now thoroughly excited.

“His probable motive I cannot discuss. He lived in another country, and married to please our father. My brother had a son born to him about the time Arabella was lost. I am satisfied that, in some way, he became possessed of my secret, and stole my child and caused my wife to disappear.”

Martha and Arabella had been astonished listeners all through this thrilling story; but at last the young woman found voice. “Did thy brother ever return?”

“Oh, yes.”

“And where didst thou think he was during his absence in this country?”

“My brother, from his early infancy, was delicate, and, as his health was better out of France, and his tastes led him to travel, he spent little time in one place. He was always jealous of my succeeding to the title, and after his marriage to a woman of rank in a country friendly to

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France, this feeling of envy seemed to increase toward me. His revenge has been most cruel. You can realize how thankful I am that this most unnatural brother left my child in such worthy hands."

Arabella would have been hard to convince about the twin brothers, had she not in the school she attended in Philadelphia made the acquaintance of twin sisters. They were ever a source of mistaken identity to her, and unless they were seen together she called them one. And the idea of her father having a twin brother frightened her.

"Papa, then thy brother might take me again, and I would think it thee."

"No, you will never mistake us again."

"Thou hadst better be Friend Hezekiah's, just like me."

"If your friend is willing to have me, I will remain for a time."

"As the child's father thou art welcome to such as we have, if it please thee to accept it," said the Quaker.

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“You are very kind to offer me, a stranger, such hospitality, and I shall be exceedingly glad to avail myself of the opportunity to be near my daughter,” replied the Duke.

“Oh, then papa, thou wilt be a Friend, too! Friend Raoul thou art now.”

He looked in astonishment at her, then said: “How did you know my name?”

“Mamma used to call you that.”

“You have a wonderful memory, my child. Yes, I am Raoul.”

“Art thou happy to live here and be a Friend?”

“My daughter, I am very much gratified to be in any position that re-unites me to you.”

“Then we are all Quakers now, Friend Hezekiah, 'cause we love Martha—yes, and thee, too.”

And so the Duke was domiciled at the farm. Arabella did not return to school, but her father constituted himself her teacher. Together they walked over the green sward day after day, she giving

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vivid pictures of her past life in America, and either in the background or the foreground of each new view appeared the Oak, until the Duke became curious to see this boy hero, who was fighting in his country's cause. He was exerting every influence to tempt the child to the home beyond the seas, but with no avail. And here she showed her great penetration into character. She seemed to divine Martha's sorrow at seeing her affections transferred to another, and she redoubled, if possible, her attentions to the Quakeress, until the Duke, in despair, felt he should never have the first love of his child, and he did not see how she was ever to be induced to go to France. Jack and Martha were her constant theme, and he discovered the fact that she was happy at Jack's farm talking of him.

One morning, in their customary walk, they went to see the boys. To Arabella's delight and surprise she found the Oak had just arrived on a furlough

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of a few days. The Duke's astonishment was great when he saw before him, not the small boy he expected, but a man he seemed from his stature. He quickly realized that his little English sparrow had drooped her wings and rested in the strong Oak, whose roots were firmly grounded in American soil.

"Jack, where didst thou come from?" she asked, the first surprise over.

"Stony Point."

"Were you in that engagement?" asked the Frenchman.

"I had the good fortune of being one of the number selected to capture that stronghold."

"Were there many with you on the march?"

"Twelve hundred men were sent through the swamps; but we cared not, for triumph awaited us. Victory makes all hardships a pleasure. The saddest thing which befell us," he added, "was Wayne's fall." And as he recounted that General's noble conduct, his face lighted

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up, and then, in a modest way, he informed Arabella, who was an intent listener, how it was his arms, that had supported Wayne when he was wounded.

Then, when Arabella thought he was going to change the subject, she said, "Tell more, Oak. Thou art so good; just like Friend George Washington, to try and save this country."

The Duke lost his interest in war accounts, but the anxiety to get his child out of America was redoubled.

The following day Arabella was not around the farm, and her father thought he would walk over to the Allens', and see if she was there. He found her sitting on the back porch, and the Duke stood at a little distance, listening to the conversation.

"Oak, thou art the dearest, best boy in all the war, and I do love thee and Martha. And now thou wilt take all thy brothers with thee, and the house will be, oh, so lonely to me, when I come. Thou hadst better leave Maple with Martha."

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“No, Birdie, he must go and use his fife. He is needed too. Not an Allen must fail in his duty to his country.”

“I wish I were an Allen. Then thou wouldst take me.”

The Duke gave a little shrug of his shoulders, and walked toward the young people.

“Arry, I want you to come with me.” And the child went reluctantly from the farm.

The father and daughter strolled on for some time without remark, as each was busy with his own thoughts. At last the Duke sat down on a log, and tenderly drew the child to his side. He began the conversation by saying, “I shall soon leave for Paris. Am I going alone?”

The child moved nervously, as she now sat on the grass at his feet.

“Papa, thou wilt see. If I go, Martha must; and if thou takest Martha, Friend Hezekiah must go along too; and then the chore-boy and the sorrel. I expect, papa, thou hadst better just leave me

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here, because I might be troublesome on the boat. I was before, and Martha took care of me.”

“My child, will you not go and help me find your mother?”

“Dost thou suppose I could?”

“I think so, Arry.” Then he pictured to her the different life awaiting her in France.

“Thou canst not see, because thou art not born a Friend, that I love this way to live best, and to be with Martha and the Oak.”

“Do n’t you care for me, Arry?”

“Oh, yes; but then thou canst stay here with me.”

No promises of splendor tempted the child, and he determined to consult the Quakeress that very evening, and he dropped the subject with Arabella for the present.

“I am going to return to my home,” the Duke said to his hostess, as he found her alone at her spinning-wheel.

“When?” was her only response.

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“Very soon. I should like to take you all with me; but, as Arry tells me, sorrel and the farm would have to go too, I do not know how it is to be arranged. I begin to think I shall have to make the journey alone.”

“Wouldst thou take the child?”

“You and Arry must decide that.”

The Quakeress pulled the needle out of the stocking she had taken up, dropping all the stitches. The Duke noted her excitement, and thought best to leave her to her own meditations.

Nothing more was said about his departure for a week, when Arabella sitting on her father’s knee said: “If thou wilt be happier, Martha says I must go back to Paris with thee; must I?”

“Not if you would rather remain here.”

“Dost thou want me to go?”

“More than I can tell you, my child.”

“Then I will, ’cause Martha says thou wilt bring me back, if I want to come. Wilt thou?”

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“Yes, I promise you that.”

“Then I will to to make thee happy, 'cause Martha says I shall be selfish if I do n't.”

The Duke took advantage of this resolution, and a day was fixed for the departure. Arabella was heart-broken at the thought of leaving her Martha, but the Quakeress said, “Thy word is given. Thou must.” At last, the Duke, seeing her distress of mind, promised to bring her to visit her friend as soon as the war was over.

“Oh, what will the Oak say? But I told him perhaps my papa might just take me any way. And, Martha, the Oak said: ‘Then I will come after thee, when I am a man.’ Dost thou think he will?”

“He may, wee one; who can tell?”

The parting was too sad to be related here, and we leave them in Philadelphia, where the Quakeress had gone to see the child off.

CHAPTER XIII

Upon the Duke's arrival in London he visited the banking-house where he knew his wife could be communicated with. He had made many fruitless attempts to appeal to her feelings through this source; but one reply only awaited him—"The order of our client is imperative; not to give any information in regard to her." No explanations would be listened to, and thus he was cut off without being permitted to vindicate himself.

But now with him was his daughter. He took her to the bank, and there Arabella told the story of her capture and the long residence in America. She begged them to forward a letter to her mother from her. Then she added: "I do want my mamma so much! Wilt thou tell her I do? My papa brought me from

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America to help him to find her, because we love her so.”

“The person you seek, is now some distance from here. It will take time for her to reach you, should she conclude to do so. We have had directions to forward nothing to her; but this seems necessary, and she shall learn your claim.”

The Duke left the chateau as their address, believing it more likely to touch his wife’s heart to know they were there. And to the home of Arabella’s infancy the father and daughter returned. Reliable servants had cared for the place, and the home look had been somewhat retained. Arabella found her dolls and her room just as she had left them. She went from place to place, looking, with a child’s curiosity, at every thing she discovered. Her clothes, now out-grown, afforded her much amusement, and her father, with sad face, watched the interest manifested by his child.

In his wife’s boudoir the Duke spent

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much time. One day, while writing at her desk, he picked up a small pamphlet, lying there just as she had left it, for nothing had been disturbed. The command had been imperative, not to change anything. He now turned the leaves of the book. A note fell out, and, as he read, the letter swayed in his hand as if caught by a passing breeze. Beads of perspiration fell from his brow. It was, at last, explained why his wife had not remained in the chateau for a short time, at least, after the child left with her supposed father. He had always been unable to comprehend why she made no effort to learn from him the reason for his action, and how she seemingly so calmly gave up her little one. But this page before him revealed all. His Bella had been told to leave her home. Bitter accusations and threats informed the wife her child was hers no longer.

The letter dropped from the man's hand, as he muttered "The villain!" and shook his fist at the absent brother. De-

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spair stamped itself upon his countenance, as he folded the paper, and placed it where he found it. Hope was no longer his. The wife of his heart, he believed, was lost to him as completely as if the tomb of his forefathers was the receptacle of her dust.

From this time a sadness that was almost melancholy settled over the life and mind of the man, and had its depressing effects on his daughter. Her father was kind and gentle to her, gratifying every wish she expressed; but he did not now talk to her of her mother. With these gloomy surroundings Arabella began to pine for the farm-house, and Martha, and the back porch at the Oak's. The splendor of the chateau had no charm for her. She was old enough now to appreciate many of the peculiar conditions about her life, but refrained from questioning her father, as every reference to her mother had, of late, seemed to bring on one of his disconsolate moods.

For some time this state of affairs ex-

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isted, and not one word came from the banking-house to them to encourage the thought of a reconciliation between the husband and wife.

One morning Arabella was partaking of her breakfast alone. Her father was feeling too ill to rise. A roll was before her, but from its crust only she seemed to take a few crumbs. She was absently gazing from the window near her. The falling leaves, just turning to a golden hue, seemed to rivet her girlish attention, when a courier appeared at a turn in the garden path. She gave but a passing glance at him, for the long waiting and watching for the message he might deliver had brought only heart-sickness. One letter from Martha had come, that, for a time, made her grieve for her and the old associations, until her eyes were often red from weeping; but that was the only news intended especially for her.

She now looked up in surprise, as a sealed packet was placed before her. Her nimble fingers broke the seal, more in a

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curious than expectant way. It was not from America, she saw. After reading a few words, she sprang from her chair, over-turning it, and thereby astonishing the dignified servant present, who watched her almost frantic flight through the doors and up the stairs to her father's apartment.

"Papa darling! It has come! Oh, it really, truly has come!"—in her excitement she was again the "wee one"—
" 'cause I have it."

The father rose from his pillow and stretched out his hand for the missive. He read it, and said excitedly, "Send Jean to me immediately, and tell your maid to prepare you to start for Paris at once."

"Oh, papa, thou art not well enough."

"My child, the elixir of life has been given me."

CHAPTER XIV

Before a large convent in Paris stood the liveried servants of the Duke de Gra. He had just alighted from the carriage, and assisted his daughter to the pavement. He stepped to the entrance of the large building, and, as he lifted the great brass knocker, a lay sister opened the door. He asked for the Mother Superior, and was shown into a small room, to await her coming. The Duke, with impatient strides, paced the floor of the narrow space, while his daughter looked cautiously and curiously about her.

Presently a stately and fine-looking woman appeared. The Duke, with surprise, approached her.

“Mother Angeline, is it possible I meet you here again? It was from your care I took my bride!”

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The calm, peaceful expression of Mother Angeline's face did not change, as she said "Yes, and you have brought Madame Meras' child to her, I believe?"

The man was so confused at this reception that he looked to his daughter to relieve his embarrassment. For a moment he did not see her. She had gone back of the Mother Superior, to examine closely her headwear as well as her dress. She was gazing at the form before her with astonishment. In the simple home of the Quakers she had never heard of the order of nuns, and now she was walking around the figure as she would inspect a statue. Only open-eyed amazement was shown when she found the object of her curiosity could speak. Arabella stared, and forgot to close her lips parted in wonder and excitement.

Her father spoke her name twice before she answered.

"Yes, papa."

"This is Mother Angeline, who will see that you are conducted to your mamma."

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“Will you go, too?”

The father appreciated the fact that the surroundings had disconcerted the child, and he felt that a new difficulty had arisen. He ought to have prepared her for all this, but, as he had not, the best must be made of the situation.

“Arabella, you go to your mamma first, and I will await you here.”

“Oh, papa, art thou not coming to see mamma?”

The question was sudden and distressing; and the Mother Superior, in her cold dignity, simply waited their arrangement of matters.

“You had better go.”

“Are you ready?” the sister said, addressing the child.

“Yes. But I would like to take papa; may I?”

The man grew pale. This woman irritated him, and he turned to a window, that she might not see the disappointment her answer would bring. He felt as if he should burst the iron bars that

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kept him from his loved one, and each thought that he was, at last, beneath the same roof with her, and could not see her, almost drove him to frenzy.

“Arabella, go to your mother without delay. Mother Angeline, if you will not discuss this sad affair with me, tell my wife I am as true to her as on the last evening we were together, when she promised me her trust for life or death. Tell her a demon, not I, wrote the letter I found in her desk, and to question the child for the rest. Go now, Arry, and plead for your unhappy father.”

Woman and child withdrew from the room. Through long halls Arabella followed her companion, and, as she passed a sister here and there, curiosity overcame fear, and she would pause before the nun, while she scrutinized her closely. Sometimes a smile greeted her, but more often only the expressionless, downcast eyes.

At last the Mother Superior hesitated before a door slightly ajar.

“Is my mamma in there?”

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Scarcely were the words spoken, when she found herself clasped in her mother's arms.

"My child! Thank heaven! At last my child is restored to me!"

Mother and daughter were left alone. Arabella looked, and looked again, at her mother.

"My child, do you not know me?"

Tears dimmed the mother's eyes as she asked, "Are you not glad to see me, Arry?"

"Oh, yes mamma dear, with all my heart. But I just supposed it was not you, just like it was not papa who took me away."

The woman's face hardened.

"Am I never to have her love again?" she said aloud, although not apparently speaking to the child.

"Art thou really, truly, my own mamma, that put this locket around my neck?"

"Child, if you love me, place that out of my sight."

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“Why?”

“Arry, look at me closely. Do you not recall my face?”

“Yes, but dost thou not remember thy yellow hair?”

The woman placed her hand to her head.

“My darling, I had forgotten. So long a time has passed since then. Yes, I did have yellow hair like yours when I nestled your head close to mine.”

“Mamma, where is it?”

“Child, it died with my heart.”

“How dost thou love me then, if thy heart is dead?”

The mother clasped her to her impulsively, as she exclaimed, “Oh, my daughter, with my soul, the only part of me that seems to have been kept alive, and that by the good nuns.”

“Why, my mamma, did your yellow hair die?”

“Mourning for you.”

Then Arabella threw her arms around her neck, and, in fancy, she was back in

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the farm-house with Martha, as she closed her eyes and placed her face beside her mother's.

"Now, I know thou art really, really mine, and I am so glad."

Sobs, at last, brought relief to the woman, and the child showered kisses on her crown of silver hair.

Then Arabella said: "Now, may papa come?"

A cold, defiant stare met her, and she drew back from her mother's arms.

"Suppose thou art not my real, true mamma, because that is just the way papa's twin acted, so cross to me."

"I am not cross to you, my darling, and could not be. But do not ask me to see your father."

"Why?"

"Do not talk about him. Are you going to live with me now?"

"Oh, yes, truly I am, and papa too. Oh, he is so tired waiting for thee."

"Arabella," and now the lips grew hard, "I can not see him. If you will

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come and live with me I will leave the convent and take you far away. Do you want to go?"

"And papa, too?"

"No; only you and me."

"Mamma, wouldst thou have me kill papa's heart again, just like I did when I went away?"

"My child, I can not talk about this now. But he must make some arrangement for me to have you here, and tell"—she hesitated.

"Tell what, mamma?"

"Mother Angeline is conferring with your father about you. And now must you go, my daughter? And when will you come again, prepared to remain? How can I part with you?"

"Mamma, wilt thou not come too?"

"Child, I cannot." Then tenderly kissing her lips and brow, she said, "I cannot let you go."

"Mamma, I must, because papa is waiting for me to tell him about thee."

The woman was deeply moved, as she

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called a lay-sister and asked her to conduct her to the outer door.

When Arabella reached the small room in which her father awaited her, she found the Mother Superior with him, and they were in deep conversation. As the child entered the room, her father bade her be seated, and the woman continued to speak in a low voice.

“After receipt of the note, supposed to be written by you, your wife waited until the household had retired, and then quietly went out. She walked to the village, and appealed to the fathers connected with the little church, and they saw that she was conducted in safety to us. Upon her arrival here, she was taken desperately ill with brain fever, and for weeks it was thought she could not live. With returning reason came the poignant sorrow that time has not assuaged. She has never been from us a day, and her life was spent in prayer that she might recover her child.”

“Arry shall never be taken from her

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mother again," said the Duke, as he struggled for self-control. Then rising, he exclaimed: "Mother, I have given you my story! Do you feel there is any power that ought to keep me from my wife?"

"No. I do not feel I have it, at least."

"Will you lead me to her room?"

"That I can not permit. It is sometime since the Angelus has ceased. You will find her in the chapel alone. Follow me."

"May I ask you why I could never see you or get a message delivered to you until now. I have been here many times in the past years."

"You must remember that your wife believed that it was from you she received the cruel treatment. You had never taken her into your confidence and told her that you had a twin brother."

"True, true. I alone am at fault."

The Mother Superior opened the door leading to the altar where the woman knelt, awaiting to hear the story from the

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nun's lips. The Duke looked in; then turned to the retreating form.

"I do not see her."

"She whom you seek kneels at the rail."

He peered in again, as he replied: "Only a gray-haired person is there."

"Go forward, and find your wife." Then the Mother Superior passed through the door, and was lost to sight, as the man reverently approached the altar.

Arabella had not mentioned the change in her mother's hair for some reason, and the man did not believe the figure before him was the one he sought.

"Bella!" he whispered.

That voice! The beads dropped from her hand. The kneeling woman rose, and the husband stood face to face with his wife.

"Bella!" he repeated.

As her husband came toward her, she looked about. A hunted, despairing glance was cast upon the man, as she raised her hand as if to keep him back.

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The veins in her temples seemed ready to burst, while her lips grew gray and tightly compressed. Her nostrils dilated, and she grasped the railing before her for support. Her body swayed forward and back.

Again the man drew nearer, as he said, "My darling!"

She had now placed both arms upon the rail, and was leaning over it, her back turned to her husband. He went close to her, and tenderly touched her head. She faced the man she loved.

"Why are you here?"

"My own Bella, to take you to your home."

"The one you drove me from?"

Again he told the story of his brother's treachery. He would have taken her to his heart, but she drew back, as she exclaimed, "The hand that dealt the blow, that robbed me of all that life held dear—child, husband, and home—oh, I can not bear it!"

"Bella, you do not believe me. Is this



ST. JOHN.

“She raised her hand as if to keep him back.”

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the trust you vowed to place in me the last night we spent at the chateau?"

The form was bowed to earth, and the rigid lips refused to pray. The man leaned over her, and pressed a kiss on her damp brow as her eyes were lifted heaven-ward. The touch seemed to send the life-blood through her veins, for in gentle accents she murmured, "If I could only believe it all."

"I will prove it. Should I bring my brother before you, and he confess the crime, will you still doubt me?"

A convulsive shudder passed over the prostrate woman, and from the very agony of her soul she whispered: "The scar! Could your child have been mistaken in that?"

"My brother has it also."

She wavered a moment; then said, "Bring the man before me. But leave me now. I can bear no more. No," as he begged that their reunion might take place at once, "only my eyes will satisfy me that all who saw you could have

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been mistaken, even your daughter. Until to-day I doubted that the child I should see would be mine."

A moment more and the man was upon his knees beside her. He took from the chancel the string of beads she had dropped. First pressing them to his lips, he counted his prayers, after which he placed them in his vest. As he parted from his wife he said: "I will arrange for a meeting between you and my brother at once."

Arabella was left at the convent; and the Duke, during his lonely drive to his palace, devised plan after plan by which he could persuade his brother, the Count Eugene, into the presence of his wife, and wring the facts from him. He knew he would go to the world's end before he would make a confession of his guilt, unless forced by law, but the disgrace must be avoided. A way was being opened by a higher power. When he reached the palace, he found a messenger awaiting him with the information that his brother

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was ill in Brussels, and that the priest who was with him had sent for the Duke de Gra.

The horses that a short time before had stood before the convent sleek and shining, were again, within a few hours, drawn up at its portal. The white foam on the animals showed that they had been driven at their utmost speed. Within the peaceful walls of the building an earnest conversation took place. The message that had come from one of the priests at the bed-side of a dying man could not be disbelieved, and hasty preparations were made for the departure of Bella. The Mother Superior sent a trusted companion with her, and the child traveled in the coach at her mother's side, while the Duke followed. Not once during the journey did husband and wife speak. Indeed, he was unable to even feast his eyes on her face, so closely did she seclude herself from him. The child dined with the lonely man, and from her lips he gathered information of his loved one.

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At last the goal of their hopes was reached, and without delay the travel-worn man presented himself at the hotel, where the Count Eugene was lying ill. The priest saw the Duke at once, and, after a hasty explanation, he repaired to Madame's apartments.

The visitor entered the room of death. The nurse, a Sister of Charity, did not look up, and the Duke waited silently a little way from the bed on which lay his brother. He noted the absence of the sick man's wife and son, but asked no questions of the person in charge.

Presently the door opened, and the priest entered, followed by Bella, leading her child. The priest went to the bedside of the dying man.

"Eugene." His eyes opened. "Absolution can soon be given you. Those whom you have wronged are present. Confess, and die in peace."

The priest asked mother and child to come forward. As the wife saw the face of the sufferer, whose head was

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thrown back on the pillow, revealing the scar, she grasped Arabella tightly as she exclaimed, "So exactly alike!" and then covered her face with her hands. In the presence of death she must command herself. The child drew close to her mother, and cautiously glanced from behind the arm of the startled woman, who had raised it in awe and terror as she riveted her gaze first on the one brother and then on the other. Then she stood before her husband, and, with a soft cadence in her voice, she whispered, "I trust you even unto death." Her head rested on his breast.

The priest said "Silence!" as the sick man spoke.

"The hand of God has pressed down the measure with retribution, until it has overflowed. Not one grain more. Refusal of absolution to a dying man, until he made free and full confession, has brought the balance down on your side. The loss of wife and child, and of the hope of eternal life, has been my punishment

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for the sin I committed. It was for those I loved I did it. Jealousy of our father's affection stimulated me to action; and the fiendish plot was conceived because of family pride, and your child stood in the way of mine."

The dying man became exhausted, and the Sister of Charity administered restoratives. After a time he spoke again. "From your valet, who possessed your secret, I bought it. He offered to show me your wife's letters for a price. I paid it. I stole your daughter, and wrote the letter that sent your wife from her home. I took the child to America, and on the passage over I was about to strike her, not for talking to the Quakeress, but because she, too, had my birth-mark, mingled with plebeian blood. I hated her."

The Duke moved forward. His face flushed crimson, and the mother instinctively drew the child to her.

"This is no time for anger. I was punished then. I fell, and broke my

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arm, which has been stiff ever since. That night I bribed a sailor to keep me in the hatchway. As we were nearing land, in the dense fog and the excitement of putting into port I made my escape in a small boat with the man who had managed to keep me concealed. The rest you know. Am I forgiven?"

A painful quiet fell for an instant. Then Arabella went from her mother to the side of the dying man. The priest moved away. Taking the emaciated hand of her uncle, the child raised it to her lips.

"Martha did teach me to forgive thee then; so I did, because Martha said we must just forgive before we are asked, if we would be pleasing to the Lord."

The dying man whispered "'Blessed are the pure in heart,'" and the priest administered the last rites of the church as he saw the eyes close in death.

A few minutes later Bella softly murmured, "Never again can I doubt you."

CHAPTER XV

To the castle, the ancestral home of the Gras, the Duke took his Duchess. The long secret marriage was made public, and to the Quakeress the Duke wrote: "I find that you have made our daughter all that parents could desire. She combines the good and the true. The greatest gift you could have bestowed—an example of purity and love—was given her by you. I find that, even in the new world, she has been well-fitted to fill her high station. Our child is loyal in her devotion to you, and she is already planning to take her mother to visit you."

To Arabella, the castle, with its stately halls, was a beautiful picture, and she enjoyed its luxury with the simplicity

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with which she had accepted her gray garb at the farm-house.

The pretty clothes she wore, and her room filled with treasures that only wealth could give her, made her even more angelic, and she would say, "How good God is to give me all these beautiful things! Martha said, 'When the Lord doeth much for thee, child, he intends thou shalt do for those less fortunate than thou.'"

The father and mother were thankful that their child had been tenderly cared for, but now they would be gratified to have the young girl forget it. After all, these people were Quakers, and no encouragement was given the child to talk of her life in America.

General LaFayette was her staunch friend; for he, too, had a deep affection for the land beyond the sea, and he fully appreciated the trial that this change must be to the little girl after the freedom of her life with Martha. He always manifested a pleasure in conversing with

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her about Washington; and the intelligence of one so young often almost startled him. To her parents he explained that those stirring times brought into activity the latent powers of old and young.

While the Duke and Duchess were fully conscious of the deep interest the Marquis had taken in them, it was a source of annoyance when he drew their little daughter to his side, and told the story of her loyalty to Washington. The visit to Red Clay Creek, as it was pictured to the Duke, with the scout carrying her across the Brandywine, was altogether too free for a child of the nobility. Arabella as thoroughly enjoyed recalling the fact of LaFayette's being the one to take her to Washington, as he did telling of a secret in an egg shell. He did not neglect to add, "General Washington never confided to any person his reason for leaving Red Clay Creek that night."

"Marquis, didst thou know Jack Allen?"

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“Indeed I did. He is Colonel Allen, and a brave man.”

“Oh, I mean the son of Colonel Allen.”

“Yes, I have seen him. His father brought him to my quarters once and introduced him to me.”

“I am expecting to hear from the Oak,” Arabella said. “Thou dost not know him by that name; I mean Jack. Does it take very long, thinkest thou, for soldiers’ letters to come?”

“No longer,” the Marquis replied, “than any other.”

“I hope he is not shot. Martha’s letters come. Wilt thou find him, if thou canst, when thou returnest to America?”

“I will, indeed, child, and I will tell General Washington he is your friend.”

“Wilt thou tell the Oak something for me, Marquis?”

“Certainly I will, child.”

“Tell him I love him just the same as I did on the farm. I wish thou couldst

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take me to America with thee, Marquis;" then, observing the displeasure her remarks caused her parents, she added "if papa and mamma would go, too."

"How long have you been at home, General?" asked the Duchess.

"It is about eighteen months since I left America."

"Then you were here some time before Arabella?"

"Yes, and I have watched with deep interest for the Duke's return, to learn whether the information I gave him brought the reward he hoped for in making so long a journey."

The Marquis left France soon after this visit to his friend, to again take part in the conflict that was still going on in the land of his adoption.

CHAPTER XVI

Early in March, 1782, the Duke de Gra was informed an American wished to have an interview with him. He brought a letter from the Marquis de LaFayette. When the foreigner was ushered into the presence of the Duke, he gave the military salute, then handed the letter to his Grace, who read it, and said, "Lieutenant Allen, a friend of the Marquis, is welcome"; and, inviting him to be seated, he inquired about LaFayette, and when he expected to return to France. Then he asked about the state of affairs in America; but there was no welcome to the boy whom he had seen sitting on the back porch of Colonel Allen's house, a few months before, telling his daughter stories of the war. Only General LaFayette's friend was recognized; and the slight did

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not escape Jack, neither did the *unspoken* word in regard to Martha or Hezekiah. Arabella was not mentioned. At last, summoning up all his courage—for the reserve of the Duke called for it—he asked, “May I see your daughter?”

The Duke flushed slightly, but said, “Certainly; she will be pleased to receive you.”

A messenger was dispatched for the ladies. As they entered the apartment where the men were, the Duchess was presented. The child, upon seeing Jack, hastened to greet him with outstretched hands. Throwing her arms up on his shoulders, she exclaimed, “Oh, Oak, thou hast come! Oh, I am so happy! If thou only couldst have brought Martha. I love her just the same; and thee, too, Oak. But how thou hast grown.”

This brought a smile to the Duke’s face, and Jack replied, “And what has my little friend been doing?”

“Growing too!” she exclaimed. “Just think, Jack, I am fifteen. Mamma says



“Oh, Oak, thou hast come!”

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quite grown up. Dost thou not think I am?"

"Yes, you are taller, Birdie;" and the boy looked pathetically into the eyes of his child-friend.

Taking Jack by the hand she led him to a divan. "Sit beside me, Oak, and tell me all about Martha, and the boys, and Hezekiah, and thy father," she continued without waiting for a reply.

Smiling kindly upon her, he accepted the proffered seat. Perfectly at his ease amidst all the pomp of his surroundings, he gave Martha's message of love; he told her of the boys and Hezekiah; and then, when he paused, she said: "Seeing thee has taken me back to the east porch at thy house. I feel just as I did when thou didst take my Friend's-bonnet by each side, and didst look into my eyes when I told thee about John. I want thee to tell me now about John."

"Birdie, are n't you afraid you will 'brew' if I talk to you about Tories and 'wigs?' "

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A soft, gentle laugh fell upon the air.

“Oh, Oak, dost thou remember all my queer expressions? How I should love to see Martha, and hear her talk of the customs of the Friends. Mamma, Jack always listened to my brewings with such patience.”

“Arabella, Martha bade me ask you when you would visit her, the war being now practically over.”

“Papa and mamma will take me soon, I know. Thou didst promise, didst thou not, papa?”

“Yes, my child; and when affairs are settled, you shall go and see your friend.”

“And Jack, papa?”

“Of course, and all his brothers.”

“Tell me more about the boys, Jack, do.”

“They will never forget the little girl, who lightened the gloom of their motherless childhood,” he said, addressing himself to the Duke and the Duchess.

The lieutenant, like Marquis de LaFayette, dwelt on the useful, thoughtful life

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of the child while in America. The parents sat deeply interested in the little scene before them, listening, but only occasionally taking part in the conversation, for Arabella had so many questions to ask her old playmate.

Seated beside the young soldier, she tenderly placed her hand in his, as she said, "Oak, tell me how thou camest to be a lieutenant."

"I think because General Washington learned I was thy friend," he replied.

"Now, tell me truly, or thou wilt not be like my Oak I left in America."

"The General promoted me, I suppose, because I was always on hand and ready for anything. I went to war to fight."

"What battle wert thou in last, Oak?"

"The siege of Yorktown."

"Tell me about it."

"Birdie, the Duke de Gra and the Duchess would tire of it."

Reassured by them, the young girl said, "Thou must, Oak."

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“Arabella, I can not be graphic enough to do honor to Washington and his great victory on that occasion. It took the ringing bells, the excited multitude at Philadelphia, to portray the feelings of those who waited and listened at home for the few, but glorious words, that at last rang out on that early morning stillness. It was two o'clock when every human ear seemed to have caught the words, ‘Cornwallis is taken.’ Arabella, the old door-keeper of Congress—you have seen him; he who rang the Liberty Bell—died on hearing the glad tidings. Others swooned with joy, while prayers of thanksgiving were offered on all sides. These, and many other incidents, are related by those who were there.”

“But tell me, Oak, about your being in the battle.”

Jack hesitated; but her eyes sparkled with excitement, as she said, “Please, just try for me.”

“When LaFayette received orders to go to Virginia, he knew that it meant to

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get ready for action. The outlook was not encouraging. We were suffering for clothing, and shoeless feet were not the least of our troubles; while among the ranks were many New England men, and they dreaded the climate of Virginia more than they did the battle-field. LaFayette, seeing their necessities, borrowed two thousand pounds sterling on his own credit to purchase supplies for the army."

"Oh, how good they were to trust him."

"I think, Birdie, the goodness was on the General's part. His men were given the things they needed, and the women of Baltimore made up the garments for us."

"I wish Martha could have helped make thy clothes."

"Arabella," said her father, "I am deeply interested in the account of this victory, and when you constantly interrupt Lieutenant Allen I lose sight of connected events. Just wait until the narrative of the siege of Yorktown is fin-

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ished, and then ask your questions and make your comments.”

Jack would much have preferred the other method, but he now began to relate the historical facts.

“LaFayette felt troubled lest there should be desertions, and, as soon as he reached the Susquehanna, he gave every man his liberty if he wished it. Not one deserted him. Two hundred miles was a long march, but we accomplished it, and on the twenty-ninth of April, 1781, we reached Richmond, and were joined that night by Steuben with militia. A plan had been laid to capture Arnold, but Cornwallis frustrated it by moving forward from Guilford to Wilmington in Virginia. At Petersburg he was reinforced to the number of eighteen hundred men—Phillips’ army. Cornwallis put himself in line to march on Richmond to meet LaFayette, who had only about three thousand men against this large army of the enemy. Wayne had been expected to join us, but the desperate condition of

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the Pennsylvania line, in their failure to get supplies, had detained him. I waited and watched anxiously for their coming, for all four of the boys were with the Pennsylvania troops; and then came the awful feeling whether we should ever see each other again. It seemed almost impossible to believe we could all be spared; but we were, and not one of us boys carries a scar, but my father has been wounded. We will move on now to Yorktown; for unless I go by quick stages, I shall be tempted to take you through every swamp and every encounter, large and small, on the long march that brought us to where victory awaited us. Cornwallis was on a point of land called Gloucester. It projects into the river, making its width only a mile. Yorktown is a small village situated on a high bank, and a long peninsula separates the York from the James river there. No pains had been spared to make secure the ground occupied by Cornwallis. It was well for us that the Chesapeake was

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entered by Count de Grasse, with twenty-eight ships, and added to this nearly four thousand men. We managed to guard York river; indeed every way of escape was closed around Cornwallis. September 29th was spent in investigations as to the best points for attack. The approaches were decided upon, and your countrymen begged that Washington—who had already reached Virginia, I have neglected to tell you—would permit them to commence an attack against the outer posts of the enemy. October 6th—eventful night!—trenches were opened not far from Cornwallis; and only a few days elapsed before the redoubts were ready, and cannon were used to demolish the enemy's defenses. Then began the magnificent display of battle." The young man forgot everything as his vivid imagination pictured the burning British ships, and the French, with their batteries, and the absolute certainty with which each man moved. "Then the British took possession of some French and

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American artillery; but, as the boys on guard in the trenches advanced, they beat a very hasty retreat. Well, at last, after the many struggles of those anxious days, Cornwallis looked about for a means of escape. A violent storm came up, which increased his difficulties, and he found himself shut in on all sides. On the eighteenth he requested that articles of capitulation be put into form by a commission. To this Washington consented; and on the nineteenth the articles were signed, and Cornwallis, with the British army, marched out as prisoners of war."

Here the Duke inquired who were the commissioners.

"Colonel Laurens and the Viscount Noailles."

"The surrender must have been a remarkable sight," continued the Duke.

"It was indeed, your Grace. Your countrymen were, by no means, the least of the imposing spectacle, as they stood drawn up on the left side of

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the road, and the Americans on the right."

"Where was George Washington, Oak?"

"Washington was with his staff, as was Rochambeau, at the head of the army. Then the British walked between the lines."

"How many were there?" questioned the Duke.

"About seven thousand, sir."

"How did they act, Oak?"

"They were very sullen, Birdie, and grounded arms with so much spirit that they had to be called to order. They moved slowly, as they carried their cased colors before the victorious army looking on at their defeat. The officers were more pronounced in their humiliation. Mortification seemed indelibly stamped on their faces."

"Where was Cornwallis, to whom I gave special attention?" asked Arabella.

"He was not to be seen."

"Perhaps he was hiding under some

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bed. Howe seemed to think it a good place, when he looked under mine."

"Where he was," replied Jack, "I can not tell, but he sent his sword by General O'Hara. The Lutheran church was the scene of prayerful rejoicing after the news reached Philadelphia. Congress soon proclaimed that the thirteenth of December should be observed by prayer and thanksgiving through all the United States. Cornwallis had stated, in the beginning of the Virginia campaign, in speaking of LaFayette, 'The boy cannot escape me,' but you see he did."

Oak, dost thou not think December 13th ought to be observed always?"

"Yes, Birdie, I do; and you and I will observe it. Do you agree to this?"

"Yes, Oak; anything for our new country and for thee."

The Duke rose abruptly, and congratulated the soldier on the victory; but his words seemed meaningless to the young patriot. There was a lack of cordiality in his manner, and Jack felt it.

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He divined the true cause, and, with a brave spirit, he determined not to "case colors" until forced to. He was too much the gentleman to show that he was conscious of the Duke's coldness, neither could he pain Arabella by allowing her to see it.

"You have never been in America, I believe?" he said, addressing himself to the Duchess.

"No, Lieutenant, I am looking forward to that pleasure, as we have promised our daughter to take her over."

The Duke remarked, "I think it is not likely that we shall go for some time."

"Papa," replied the young girl, "thou hast promised Martha it should be as soon as the war closed."

"Yes, my child; but America will be in a disturbed condition for some time, and foreigners had better wait until the affairs of the country are fully settled."

"Duke de Gra, did you ever meet with any inconveniences or ill-treatment in your visit to America?"

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“No, not particularly so. The effects that naturally follow war are not inviting, however.”

“Papa, I would feel so very, very bad, if I thought Martha would have to be disappointed. She always did just as she promised me; and when John wanted me given to the Puritans, Friend Hezekiah just said, ‘My word is passed to Martha, that she may keep the child; and it must be so.’ ”

“That is all right; we will go as soon as it seems best.”

Jack rose to depart.

“How long do you expect to remain in Paris?” asked the Duke of his guest.

“I came principally to keep my word to Arabella that, if I survived the war, the first thing I did would be to find her. As my mission seems to have been fulfilled, and, as I do not wish to intrude myself upon you, I shall leave Paris shortly.”

Before the Duke could reply, his daughter exclaimed:

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“Oh, Oak, don’t go so soon, please don’t! It makes me feel so sad to have you speak of leaving me.” Then; turning to her father: “Wilt thou not ask Jack to remain at the castle as your guest?”

The Duke flushed.

“If Lieutenant Allen will be pleased to remain”—

“Duke de Gra, I prefer not to annoy you with entertaining strangers in whom you can have no interest. With your permission, I shall be happy to see Arabella again before I leave.”

“Oh, Jack!” And the young girl burst into tears.

“There, there, dear child,” said her father. “Don’t act foolishly. Of course the Lieutenant will come and see us before he leaves.”

Jack bit his lip to repress the words he wanted to speak. Extending his hand to his youthful friend, and bidding her parents a dignified farewell, he was ushered out of the castle.

Arabella hastened to her room; and an

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hour later her mother found her there, weeping violently.

“My darling child, why these tears?”

“Mamma, if I had known that in this castle I could not love Martha and Oak, and have them with me, I don’t believe I could have come.”

“My child! Not to see me?”

“Mamma, I did not know thee. It was like a dream, my life at the chateau. Thou couldst have come to see me; and they would have been so good to thee. The best room would have been thine, and Martha would have said, ‘Wee one, thou must ask about all thy mother’s people.’ And just think of poor Jack. Papa did not seem pleased to have me talk to him. I think it is only in America that people are not afraid to be kind to every one.”

“My child, your life is greatly changed. Your father is a nobleman. Lieutenant Allen cannot appreciate it, and it will be some time before you will comprehend all it means.”

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“Is it not something like this that thou dost just hint at: that Jack is beneath me in station?”

“Well, my darling little girl, that is what your father feels.”

“Mamma, I thought that twin of papa’s said something of that sort about the plebeian blood in my veins. Dost thou suppose it is *that* that makes me love America?”

The Duchess colored.

“Never mind, my daughter; do not let us talk of these things. We must do just as your dear father requests, and all will be well.”

“If thou hadst urged papa to bring thee here the first thing, I might never have been lost.”

“Arabella, you owe your father obedience first of all.”

“Yes, I know Martha said so when she told me I must go. Now he shall see that the lessons taught me in that far-off land were the best and truest I could have learned. I am so sorry I can

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not love my home in this castle as much as I did the fields and the wild flowers, the birds and the lowing of the cattle, the little brook back of Hezekiah's house, and the old well by Jack's porch, that had the 'iron-bound bucket.' Oh! how I should love to have Jack give me a drink of that clear, sparkling water from the tin-cup that hung by the curb."

The child had risen and pushed back the curls that clustered about her face. She touched her beautiful gown, as she added, "And, mamma, truly I would love to see my gray Quaker dress, and Martha and Jack, just like I used to when I 'brewed.' "

The Duchess listened in silence, deeply impressed with her daughter's earnestness.

"Darling, soon papa will take you to see all this again. Only be happy while you wait."

"How can I, with my kind, good Oak in Paris, and I may not see him again?"

"Here in your own country things are

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so different. You are too young to have company.” Drawing a deep sigh, Arabella went to a window and stood gazing out. Tears fell from her eyes because she could not see Jack, and she said, in a sobbing voice, “I wish I were grown up.”

That evening her father and mother talked long and earnestly. The Duchess repeated to her husband her conversation with the child, and he listened attentively to the end; then said: “The sooner all ideas of America are banished from her mind the better. She must forget all of these people. I deem it a misfortune that this Jack Allen has come over here. I hope his stay will be short, but I suppose we must make the best of it.”

Arabella looked and watched in vain for Jack. A week had passed and no word. She began to think he had left without seeing her. The sadness in her face troubled her mother, and the Duke said: “This young man has more pride than I supposed. These Americans are very determined, though, and I

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shall feel better satisfied to have him across the water.”

In the meantime, Jack had been looking about the city, and each day found him walking around the castle; but his cool reception there had made him resolve to enter the house but once before leaving the country, and that to see his young friend and say good-bye. The Duke's treatment of him had been a great surprise. “If I were a nobleman it would be different,” he had said, as he left the castle. He had not thought of being refused the opportunity of seeing Arabella, and he was greatly chagrined at their treatment after his long journey. He bore it like a soldier. He was too honorable to make any effort to see her without her parents' knowledge. So, not until the day he was to leave for America did he again present himself at the castle.

The Duke and Duchess were not at home when he called, and the companion in attendance upon Arabella did not speak English, so the child had perfect

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freedom, as of old, to talk to Jack. Loving messages were sent to the boys, and Colonel Allen was remembered.

“Oh, Oak, just tell Martha I do love her, and I want to see her so much.”

Then she wrote a little note, saying: “Dear Martha, do thou not go to John, for I will soon return to thee and the Oak. Truly I will, Martha; so do thou and the Oak wait for me.”

She handed the paper on which she had written to him. “Give it to Martha. Do not forget Hezekiah, the dear old man! He was so kind to me. I did not realize it all when I was there.” Then going to the little work-basket Madame had, she took from it a pair of scissors.

“Oak, just take a curl from my head. It is all I can give thee to keep, until I see you in America.”

It was cut, to her attendant's horror; but she was too late to prevent it. Jack, seeing her displeasure, thought it time to leave. Arabella utterly refused any form of good-bye.

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“No, Oak, just let us be Friends about it. I do not like to treat thee as if thou wert not coming back soon. Martha’s way was so happy; let us try it.” And so Jack went out from the castle without a word of farewell, but the tears on her youthful cheeks spoke it all, and the soldier brushed something like mist from his own eyes as he went down the steps. His visit had not been what he had expected, and the disappointment of it followed him to the farm.

He dreaded to see the Quakeress, yet knew he must; so he walked slowly across the lots, and, through the window, watched her. In the living-room of the house on Hezekiah’s farm, Martha sat spinning. For a moment she paused, and sighed, as a tear fell from her eye. Her father had gone to Daniel’s, and, being alone, the Quakeress began speaking her thoughts aloud.

“I wish the child might be so moved that she would care to come to me again. It was a great trial to give her up. I

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should be pleased to know if she ever thinks of me now. How I love the wee one!”

Just then a step sounded on the porch, a rap followed, and to Martha's "Come in," Jack Allen appeared. She rose from her chair as she exclaimed, "Didst thou see Arabella?"

"Yes, indeed. And she sent you this letter;" and he handed her the little note, written so hastily.

Martha read it, and her eyes again filled with tears, as she said, "She still loves thee and me;" and she gave it to him to read. His face lighted up; but the next moment a great sadness came into it as he told the Quakeress of the splendor of the child's home; and then he added: "But she loves thy customs;" and he repeated how she kept the Quaker manner of speech.

Jack lingered long, talking of Arabella and making known his plans; how he intended to leave the farm and go to the city to live. His father, he said, offered

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to help him get a start in the world. He meant to be a lawyer, and, some time, a statesman, he hoped. He left at a late hour with the Quakeress' encouragement ringing in his ears.

As time passed, Martha was more cheerful; for she now waited and watched for the beloved child. She had been reassured that she was the same earnest, faithful little friend, and she knew she would surely see her. Jack worked with a will; but his heart grew faint at times when he remembered how difficult it would be for Arabella to persuade her father to bring her to America.

CHAPTER XVII

The Duke, the Duchess, and Arabella were at the chateau, and there was now a new member of the family—a little sister. She was almost three years old. As we again meet them, the family are sitting in the rose-garden, near the path where the Duchess had watched her husband, as he rode away eleven years before.

“Raoul, this is the place most dear to me of all. I could spend my life here in perfect content.”

Before the Duke had time to reply, Arabella said: “But thou canst not, mamma, for thou must go to America this year.” Then addressing her father, she asked, “When are we going?”

He would have evaded the question, but his daughter, now a queenly-looking girl of eighteen, said, “I have waited

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so patiently, for thee to keep thy promise, and now, unless thou dost take me, I must go alone."

"Arabella!" her father spoke her name in decided tones.

She placed her arm about his neck.

"Papa, dear, didst thou not promise to take me back?"

"I expect to do so, some time."

"The some time has come now."

"Why now, my child?"

"Because I *must* go. I have thy promise. I kept mine, and have waited so long. Thou wouldst not have me think my father would fail to keep his promise to me?" Then her feelings overcame her, and she could not speak; so taking her baby sister by the hand, she led her down the path, and the parents, left alone, discussed seriously the question—when to cross the ocean. It was finally determined the wise thing would be to yield to their daughter's entreaties and sail for America on the next vessel going over.

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The voyage proved a delightful one to all, and Arabella's spirits seemed to rise each day, as she found herself nearer Hezekiah's. When Philadelphia was reached, she begged her father to take her at once to the farm; which he did.

Up the gravel path ran the youthful visitor, snatching a flower as she passed them, on to the kitchen porch, and through the open door into the house, exclaiming.

"Martha! dear, dear, Martha!"

The Quakeress threw down her broom.

"It is thou, my wee one! Thou hast come back to me!" and the two were locked in each other's arms. Tears of joy were mingled, as Martha held that curly head against her cheek.

"Thou hast grown so. Thou art as tall now as thy Martha. But who brought thee?"

"Papa is coming. Tell me quick; is the Oak at home?"

"Yes, he is, just to have a few days with the boys. He lives in the city now."

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“Papa, here is Martha.”

The Quakeress greeted the Duke, saying, “Thou hast been true to thy word.”

Hezekiah hastened in to see whom the carriage from the city had brought, and he said he was pleased to have the child back once more.

All the time the hostess was preparing dinner Arabella assisted her. She went to the accustomed place, and took the cloth for the table, and the Quakeress said, “Thy high position hast not harmed thee.”

“Martha, *thou* didst bend the twig.”

The Duke finished his simple dinner, and then reminded his daughter they had a long drive before them.

“Thou wouldst not take the child from me so soon, I hope,” Martha said, addressing the Duke.

“She can come over again,” he replied.

“I have not had time to unpack Martha’s new bonnet and gown, with the long cape, I brought her; or show her

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my picture to hang on the wall in the living-room. Then, too, papa, I must sleep in my bed to-night and just be a Friend once more. Please say I may. Go back, and leave me here with Martha. She took care of me once; she can again."

The Duke did not reply.

"I *must* stay. I shall be sick if I go back; I am sure I shall. Thou canst explain to mamma." At last she prevailed upon her father to leave her a few days with the Quakeress; and as he drove away, his daughter turned to Martha. "Now, I am all thine"—then she hesitated—"and the Oak's."

The Quakeress took her face in her hands, as of old, and kissed the child.

Arrayed in a gray dress and bonnet, Arabella started for Jack's farm. When she was near enough to see him in the yard, she was tempted to call "Oak!" but she wanted to surprise him. Then he looked across the lot, and saw a Quakeress coming. He thought it was Mar-

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tha, and believed she brought him news of Arabella. He started toward her.

“Oh, Oak!”

With a few long strides he covered the ground between them, and took the gray bonnet by the sides.

“My Birdie!”

Then they sat down on the back porch, and all the boys came out, and Colonel Allen, and Jack gave her a drink from the tin cup to the delight of all.

“Oak, wilt thou please remember I am just the very same Friend I was when I sat on this porch several years ago and ‘brewed.’ ”

“I remember it. There is no trouble about that.”

They sat and visited, until the fair young girl said, “It is ’most dark! I must go.”

So they walked to Hezekiah’s farm, talking of their childhood days.

Jack said: “Birdie, could anything tempt you to live in America?”

“I am going to live in America, Jack.”

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“Who said so, Arabella?”

“I did; but I am ‘brewing’ as of old. Just wait and see.”

Martha asked him in when they reached the house, and the two young people spent the evening together—Hezekiah in his accustomed corner asleep, and Martha just going round about the rooms, while Jack and Arabella built castles in American air.

The following day the Duchess drove over with the Duke and the little sister.

There was not that unison of thought, the Quakeress said in speaking of the visit, that she could have hoped for with the child’s mother; and, in fact, a coolness had penetrated the heart of the Duchess toward the Quakeress, who she felt had captured her daughter’s warmest affection. The words of appreciation she spoke to Martha seemed cold and formal, and she clothed herself with dignity as with an armor.

All this tried Arabella sorely; and, when to the kind and hospitable invita-



St. John

“He took the gray bonnet by the sides,”

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tion to remain, her mother made some excuse to return to Philadelphia, her daughter felt a wrong had been done her dear friends. She could not understand the mother who was not willing that she might share her love with one who had been so much to her.

The time had come for the Duke and his family to leave for France, and he was making preparations for it. Arabella's lips were firmly closed, and she only spoke when obliged to. Her eyes had a far-away look. She had something to say, she announced a few days before the family were to sail.

"My dear parents, I cannot go back to France with you."

"Not go back?" repeated her father and mother in one breath."

"No, I cannot."

"Do you, then," asked her mother, "love this Martha better than me?"

"Mamma, thou hast my little sister and papa. Truly I am so homesick in France, I cannot live there."

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To all remonstrances Arabella turned a deaf ear.

“I cannot go papa. I am perfectly willing to forego everything that wealth can give. I love America. I have loved it ever since I took the eggs and went to General Washington to help save it. Do not feel badly, because thou canst come and see me, but I must stay.”

“Why?” asked the Duke.

“I want Martha.”

“Is that all my child?”

“Not quite.”

“Is it Hezekiah?” asked her father.

Arabella smiled.

“No, papa, not Hezekiah, although he is very kind to me.”

“Is it only Martha?”

“And the Oak,” replied the daughter.

“I will take Jack to France,” said the Duke.

“No, papa, he wants America, that he fought for, and *me too*.”

THE END.



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